McKean County Miner.

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"NED" NEWMAN BREAKS THE WORLD'S RECORD

In Cross-Country Race With Cornell at New York Last Week.

RECORD LOWERED ABOUT A MINUTE

Cornell Wins First, Pennsylvania Second and Yale Third—Newman's Time 32:52—Smethport Friends Delighted.

In speaking of the inter-collegiate cross-country race, in which E. T. Newman, a well known and popular Smethport young man, won such a glorious victory both for himself and Cornell, the New York Times of Thursday says:

Cornell's runners carried the red and white to victory yesterday in the inter-collegiate cross-country championship. Of the first five men to come home four were Cornellians. It was a rousing race for Cornell in more ways than one. Not only did she show a clean pair of heels to her nearest competitor in the counting up of the points, the Cornell count being 12 to 41 for the University of Pennsylvania, but E. T. Newman, the individual champion of the contest, covered the distance in nearly a minute faster than it has ever been done before. His time was 32 minutes and 52 seconds for a fraction under seven miles. Yale was third, with 51 points; Harvard fourth, with 52 points, and Columbia fifth, with 73 points.

It was an ideal day for the contest, and the conditions about the course adjacent to the country clubhouse of the New York Athletic Club, at Travers Island, promised fast time and a hard, gruelling race for the collegians. The same old difficulty was experienced in getting the teams to the course, and the officials and spectators stamped about the New York Athletic Club oval to keep warm long before any of the College boys made their appearance. It was 3 o'clock before the Yale team drove into the grounds, followed a little later by Harvard, under the care of Trainer John Graham, Pennsylvania, Cornell and Columbia's hopefuls came with Trainer Hertjberg. The positions at the start were drawn for, and the men were placed, beginning at the right of the line, Columbia, Pennsylvania, Cornell, Harvard and Yale.

As the men lined up for the race Trainer Graham took a look at the water jump, which the men would have to leap as they came home. There was an objection raised as to the hedge that hit the Liverpool, and, after some discussion, it was uprooted by workmen. Starter Gianinni instructed the runners fully as to the course and fired the pistol that sent them away at precisely 3:21 p. m. All set out at a good pace, and on the first turn of the road past the Bolton Memorial Church R. De C. Green of Columbia led by two yards as the runners entered the woods. Green was closely followed by C. R. Major and F. Hoskins of Pennsylvania and C. D. Macdonald of Columbia, with the others compactly bunched. Just after entering the woods D. C. Munson of Cornell took a nasty fall, which bruised his right leg badly and rubbed a pound or two of gravel into his face and eyes. Further on in the woods E. D. Hill, one of Yale's best men, lost one of his shoes as he was leaping a fence to take the shore road that leads back to the New York Athletic Club grounds. This caused Hill to drop back so fast in the race that, despite his pluckey effort to make up the distance, he was only able to come home in twenty-ninth place.

On the first time around the course E. T. Newman of Cornell loped along in front at an easy stride. Almost at his shoulder was his team mates, D. C. Munson and C. F. Magoffin. Ten yards behind this trio W. J. Hall of Yale was running freely with C. D. Macdonald of Columbia, H. S. Trube of Cornell and C. R. Major of Pennsylvania. The first round was timed at 11:15. Newman again held the front position on the second round. Because of his injured leg, D. C. Munson had dropped into fourth place, while Magoffin had moved up to second and Hall to third. J. R. McCurdy of Pennsylvania had come up to second and Hall to third. J. R. McCurdy of Pennsylvania had come to fifth place from eleventh of the previous round, and Lamson of Harvard seemed to be forging ahead, as he had jumped from twenty-fifth place to thirteenth. The second round was the fastest, as it was timed at 21:38. O. J. Jackman of Harvard wrenched his ankle on the next round and came limping back before the runners showed themselves headed for the home mark.

The positions of the leading four men were unchanged as they rounded the track for home. Newman had increased his lead over Magoffin, however, and beat him to the tape by fifty yards. Hall of Yale was another fifty yards behind the second man, while Munson gamely ran on his bad leg about 200 yards behind Hall. Starr of Cornell and Macdonald of Columbia engaged in a spirited spurt for the tape, and Starr outstripped the wearer of the light blue and white, and beat him to the mark by inches. Howard, in eighth place, was the first home for Harvard, and he was closely followed by Major, Hoskins and McCurdy of Pennsylvania, in the order named. None of the runners appeared to suffer from the fast pace of the race, all of the leaders coming in comparatively fresh.

Holy Rollers Criticize Us.

L. S. Conklin, a Gospel Worker preacher of Hazelhurst, and N. L. A. Eastman, editor of the Gospel Worker, the literary organ of this fanatical sect, takes a fling at Justice Knapp, the Mt. Jewett Herald and the MINER on account of Mr. Knapp's decision, and the newspaper writeup, in the case in which Conklin and one Stoddard had four Hazelhurst young men arrested for disturbing their meetings and were unable to prove anything against them at the hearing.

The following is a part of Conklin's letter: "I have said I would go to hell to preach, if God wanted me to, and he sent me to Hazelhurst, Pa., and I believe it is the next door to hell. It is on the border line. Hell is stirred in that place if you preach the word. I feel the martyr spirit and martyr's blood. It is just as near to heaven from Hazelhurst as any other place. Three weeks ago the boys raised hell in general. They kicked over the stove four or five times. I wasn't there, but Bro. Sammy Stoddard was. God bless him. He is true and will stand. Another time after this they came into run the meeting and I took one by the neck and led him out, and he looked surprised and then we had good order. Then Sammy and I went to Smethport to get out a warrant for four of them. This was for kicking over the stove and other things they did too mean to mention. Do you think we could get justice? No! I believe they bribed the justice. In the beginning of the suit I saw he was working for the ungodly. He is an adjunct of hell as full as he can be. I will send you a clipping from the McKEAN COUNTY MINER, and you will see how this paper can lie. But then it goes on and admits a little truth when it says the (Holy Rollers) Gospel Workers have a hard time getting justice in this county. And the Mt. Jewett Herald says: The Holy Rollers will need to conduct themselves and their meetings with more decorum before they can expect much sympathy."

And here follows a part of the editor's comments: "Indeed, Gospel Workers in Hazelhurst have a hard time to get justice because the magistrates are cowards and patty men, and the McKEAN COUNTY MINER helps to encourage such an element. Our meetings are always well conducted. The power of God comes down and people get wonderfully saved and made happy, and jump and shout. Hallelujah."

The article in the MINER was strictly in accordance with the facts as given us by Mr. B. L. Knapp and we have every reason to believe that he did not stretch the truth in the least, and we stand pat on it. But we do wish to state a few facts in regard to this so-called religious organization which is making such a desperate effort to get a foothold in this section, for we sincerely believe they are a menace to the welfare of any community.

The Gospel Workers teachings are of a nature that are not uplifting morally or mentally. They pretend to believe in a spiritual affinity which amounts to nothing more or less than bigamy, and we have been told that Editor Eastman has more than one affinity among the workers. They are opposed to education, claiming that knowledge is an enemy of salvation, and no doubt it is an enemy of their kind of religion, for the religion of the Gospel Workers is a religion of ignorance and lust. Look into the faces of their preachers and leaders and you will see, instead of that gentle, sweet look of purity, innocence and faith which illuminates and makes beautiful the face of the true Christian, the coarse, sensuous features of the most ignorant specimens of the human family. They also teach some form of faith cure and the life of an innocent babe paid the forfeit at Newerf not long ago.

These imbecile preachers preach in a sensational, hell-fire and brimstone fashion which works on the emotions of those who are not possessed with strong, healthy minds and in this way converts are produced only to backslide or to spread this ungodly fanaticism to the detriment of health, morals and mind.

While Sleighing is With Us.

Don't forget that E. T. Daly has a first-class line of cutters and sleighs and a few of the celebrated Waterloo cutters which he will sell at reasonable prices. Also ten sets of Michigan lumber sleighs at $40 per set, cash.

My stock of blankets and robes is unusually good this season. The latest styles and the very best quality is to be found in my stock. CHAS. LEMMLER.

Wood and steel snow shovels and side walk scrapers at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old, Taken from the Files.

A correspondent of the Parker City Daily says: The buildings are generally of a substantial character and business men with capital and enterprise are continually coming here to embark in trade. The prospects for a city here were never more flattering. This oil field is continually growing in favor and is calling to its prolific acres the prominent operators of the older districts who see chances for safe and remunerative investments.

A beautiful new Presbyterian church is being built at Kane by Mrs. Thomas, aunt of Gen. Kane. It is estimated to cost $13,000, but will probably reach double that sum before it is finished. It is in the Gothic style of architecture. The body of the church is built of pink sandstone and the cornice and windows of white sandstone. When finished it will be an ornament of which the citizens of Kane may justly be proud, as well as a lasting monument of the noble generosity of the builder.

Nearly two million dead-heads saw the Centennial Exhibition against eight million who paid their way.

Hymeneal.—Ed. McCoy left Smethport about a week ago and returned in a few days bringing with him as his wife one of Binghamton's fairest daughters, Miss Frances Lyman. They were received by the hearty congratulations of numerous friends to which we add our best wishes and hopes. [Nov. 1876.]

W. J. Milliken, Esq., of this place contemplates establishing a law office at Turport. It will be a great convenience to those in that vicinity who may need legal advice, for he has a well earned reputation as an unusually well read lawyer and an eloquent pleader. We trust that the proposed change will prove a fortunate one for him, else we should very much dislike to have him leave Smethport. Will deserves success in his profession wherever he goes, and our best wishes go with him. [Nov. 1876.]

A young man was brought here from Bradford Saturday (Nov. 28, 1876) charged with attempted murder, and lodged in jail to await trial. The Bradford Era gives the following account of it:

A young man by the name of Christopher Lenhart who has been living in a small house in the outskirts of this village for some time, and who it appears has been subject to fits of insanity, shot two men yesterday morning near the house in which he lives. Three men, C. L. Seaver, Wm. Morrison and D. L. Brandes approached the house about ten o'clock in the forenoon with a view of purchasing the premises if deemed suitable, having learned that they were for sale. They were in the highway on the opposite side of the road from the house, and had been looking over the premises, when they heard a slight noise and saw the window on the front side of the house lowered from the top and the head and shoulders of a man appear. A revolver was thrust from the aperture, and five shots fired in quick succession.—Brandes fell, but immediately got up and ran toward the village, saying he was shot. His companions, who were unhurt, hurried to his assistance. He was taken to Dr. Matteson's drug store, and Dr. Wilson was summoned. The ball had entered the shoulder and lodged in the neck. After some difficulty it was removed without serious loss of blood and the wound dressed. Brandes narrowly escaped with his life, for if the ball had penetrated an inch further, death would have resulted immediately. Before any steps were taken to arrest Lenhart another similar tragedy was enacted. Frank Switzer and a young man by the name of John T. Leilous were driving some cattle along the road, when Lenhart fired three shots, one of which took effect in Leilou's back. At first he supposed that the bullet had simply grazed his back and walked some distance before he became disabled. He was taken to the house of Frank Switzer and was attended by Dr. Van Scoy. The ball entered his side and passed back of the spinal column and lodged in the flesh, from which place it was removed by a physician. The wound is very serious but not dangerous. In the meantime a warrant for Lenhart's arrest was issued by Justice Brooder, and placed in the hands of Officer McAuley, who, accompanied by a large number of men, approached the house and captured him. He held a revolver in his hand, but made no effort to discharge the weapon. When told by McAuley that he had an order for his arrest he said—"Just as I expected; it ought to have been done long ago." He was taken by McAuley to Justice Brooder's office, and was afterwards placed in the lockup to await his examination.

Lenhart is well known here, being by trade a carpenter, and having worked here for nearly a year. He is about twenty-eight years of age, and has a respectable look. It appears that he has been subject to fits of insanity for several years. His mother is said to have died insane, and he evidently inherits this terrible disease. He has never been considered at all dangerous, although he has several times been guilty of strange freaks. There could have been no motive for shooting Leilous and Brandes; he was simply in a state of frenzy resulting from his terrible malady. Yesterday afternoon he had an examination before Justice Brooder, who committed him to Smethport jail to await trial.

To Route the "Black Hand."

Dispatches from Scranton, Pa., dated Nov. 28, in part say: Italians of the better class in and around Carbondale, are organizing a society to rid their colonies of the members of the lawless gang which, for the past year, and particularly for the past month have been committing outrages that would put the banditti of their native country to shame. Among the outrages recently perpetrated was the knifing of four men who refused to pay the tribute. In each instance the victim was called out of his house late at night and slashed across the face. Arrests have been made from time to time by the Carbondale police, but in every case the parties who privately gave the information could not be induced to testify in public, so fearful were they of the vengeance of the gang.

Since the above dispatch was filed a street battle with fatal results has resulted from the movement of the Law and Order Italians to banish the desperadoes. At eight o'clock to-night Santo Corressi, one of the gang, was caught by a constable in the act of holding up and levying tribute on one of the Italians of the colony. The constable and the Law and Order men started to take Corressi to jail. Word was quickly passed to the gang headquarters in a nearby saloon and four of them rushed out and opened fire. When the attacking party emptied their revolvers they fled, leaving all three of the constable's escort lying on the road with bullets in their bodies. The constable protected himself by holding his prisoner in front of him. Joseph Tolerico was shot through the head and heart and died in a few minutes. Frank Feressi was taken to the Emergency hospital with a bullet in his breast near the heart and another in his abdomen. He died at midnight. The third victim received a bullet in the arm and after recovering from the shock was able to walk home.

Fight at Port Arthur.

For the past week there has been desperate fighting for the possession of Port Arthur and it now seems that this famous stronghold will soon fall into the hands of the Japanese as will be seen by the following dispatches:

Tokio, Nov. 30.—10 p. m.—Imperial headquarters made the following announcement to-night: "Our force operating against 203 Meter Hill advanced at 10 o'clock to-day from the trenches already captured near the summit of the hill, and are now struggling for the southeastern portion of the fort on the summit. A fierce battle was in progress at 7 o'clock to-night.

Tokio, Dec. 1.—(Untimed.)—The Japanese have now captured and hold 203 Meter Hill.

The hill captured by the Japanese last night commands the city of Port Arthur and is a key to the situation there.

Gorton-Case.

Miss Edith Case and Mr. Sheridan Gorton, Jr., both of Brooklyn, N. Y., were united in marriage by Rev. Dr. Hillis in the parlors of the Clarendon Hotel, Brooklyn, on Thursday, Nov. 24, 1904. The happy young couple will make their home in Brooklyn.

Sheridan Gorton, Jr., is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan Gorton of this place and has always resided here until a little over a year ago when he went to New York and where he has since been employed. Sherd has many friends here who will unite with the MINER in wishing them a long life of perfect happiness.

Come to the Fair

At the parish house Dec. 7, 1904, to be given by the Junior Auxiliary. Subscriptions will be taken for the Ladies' Home Journal and beautiful pictures will be sold to the highest bidder. These subscriptions taken at the fair will save you eighty-five cents, as the Journal will be sold for fifteen cents a single copy instead of ten the coming year. Everyone is requested to either subscribe or renew their subscription at this booth.

Since the discovery of Parker's Lucky Curve Fountain Pen it is astonishing how many we sell for holiday gifts. Every one given a written guarantee. A whole show case full from the cheap to the finest made. Look at them in McCoy's Drug Store.

For Sale Cheap.

Cyclopedia Britiannica, 31 volumes, half morrocco. Inquire of N. E. Mann, at the Wright House.

You should see our swell line of Argentine silverware. Makes a most acceptable Christmas gift.

Holmes & Gilfillan.

The Acme Cushion shoe for ladies is a relief to sore feet and corns. See them at Rubin's exclusive shoe store.

GUN EXPLODES IN HIS HANDS.

John Sommersgill Seriously Injured Thanksgiving Day.

LEFT THUMB BLOWN ENTIRELY OFF

Face Also Slightly Cut—Unfortunate Man Improving Rapidly—No Cause for the Explosion Unless the Gun Had Flaw.

John Sommersgill met with a serious accident at about 4 o'clock Thanksgiving afternoon while hunting, in which he lost the thumb on his left hand and had his face slightly cut in several places. The accident was caused by the explosion of his shotgun while in the act of shooting the same.

Sommersgill and his father-in-law, Emil Thamm, were hunting on the Southwick farm, about four miles from town, and he was in the act of shooting a squirrel when the unfortunate explosion took place. A piece about two inches long and three-fourths of an inch wide was blown out of the side of the left barrel about two inches from the breech, completely tearing away his thumb of the hand with which he gripped the barrel at this point and small slivers from the broken barrel flew into his face, inflicting several small scratches under and over his left eye and it was very fortunate that the eye was not injured.

He was knocked down by the force of the concussion but got up immediately and he and Mr. Thamm went to the nearest farm house where a rig was secured and they drove hurriedly to town where Dr. Chadwick dressed the wound.

At first it was thought that he would lose one or two fingers with the thumb but Dr. Chadwick informed us Sunday that unless complications set in he would only lose the thumb. Mr. Sommersgill told the writer that he had no idea what made the gun explode for it was a new gun of a good make and he was positive that the barrel was not plugged with snow or anything else. The wound is healing as fast as possible.

Wreck on the Shawmut.

Last night about 7:30 an accident occurred which demolished the bridge over the Shawmut tracks on East State street completely, says Saturday's Olean Ledger. A Shawmut freight train which was bringing a huge crane to this city, loaded onto a freight car, while passing under the bridge the top of the crane caught, pulling the bridge completely down amidst a fearful crash. Several people had just stepped from the bridge on both sides which doubtless saved them from serious injury. W. O. Cady, a brakeman from Hornellsville, was caught in the wreckage and quite seriously hurt. He was taken to the hospital in Blighton's ambulance where Dr. Allen examined him. The top of the crane just missed the new bridge of the street car company and people were able to cross to their homes over it. The Shawmut train crew consisted of H. C. Watts of Angelica, engineer; Gus Huff of Angelica, conductor; H. Graham of Olean, fireman; C. A. Smith, brakeman and Fireman Barnett and W. O. Cady of Hornellsville, a brakeman. The last named member of the crew was quite badly hurt while Brakeman Smith had a very narrow escape, the car upon which he was riding having only cleared the bridge as it fell.

Record Stock Company.

The attractions at the Lyceum Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings of this week was the Record Stock Company which gave a very creditable performance each evening. Monday night "A Womad's Revenge" was well handled, Tuesday, "Sunset Mines," in which Mitchell is at her best and Wednesday "John Martin's Secret." All of the specialties were also pleasing but for some reason this company did not make a hit with the masses and therefore the attendance was much smaller than it should have been. No one who attended could find any fault with the plays or players but at the same time the crowds that usually greet a good low-priced company was not forthcoming.

Auction Sale.

On Friday, Dec. 9, at 2 p. m., at my farm, Farmers Valley, I will expose at auction the following articles: One pair farm mares, one yearling colt, two colts, one seven and one five months' old; two cows; three calves, cutter, harness, robes, etc. F. E. BROCKHAM.

Wanted.

A good tenant to work a dairy farm on shares. One who understands taking care of cows. Milk sent to creamery. Lease to commence March 1, 1905. Inquire of D. C. Young, Smethport, Pa.

Do you need any robes, blankets or bells to equip yourself for winter? If so call on Charles Lemmler. He has a line that you can be suited from and the prices are always the lowest for high grade goods.

Ladies call at Rubin's shoe store for the Acme Cushion shoe.

Rev. Helms Wins $100.

The Buffalo Evening News has the following to say of Rev. Helms formerly pastor of the M. E. Church of this place:

Rev. E. E. Helms, D. D., pastor of the Linwood Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, has been awarded first prize for the best sermon submitted to a pulpit magazine in a competition open to ministers of all denominations. Many of the most prominent preachers in the United States entered the contest. The judges decided the sermon of Dr. Helms was by far the best and consequently he receives $100 which was offered to the winner.

Four ministers, representing as many denominations, and Mrs. P. M. Tousley, who is widely known as a writer on educational topics, acted as judges. Prizes of $50 and $25 were given as second and third best sermon writers, who were Rev. George R. Varney of Washington and Rev. Ludwig Thornson of Chicago.

Mr. Helms will preach the winning sermon at the Linwood Avenue church on Sunday evening, Dec. 4. His brother preachers are warmly congratulating him on winning the prize.

Crowded Hall Saturday Night.

The J. L. Tempest Dramatic Co. closed a three nights' engagement in Mount Joy Hall, last Saturday evening, with a crowded house. The show gave perfect satisfaction to everybody present. All the people connected with the company are star performers and each of the three nights they all gave their parts to perfection. "The Vagabond's Wife" was produced the first evening to about one-fourth house, but so satisfactory, that those present talked for the show, that the next evening the crowd was doubled and the hall was half full, when "Lady Audley's Secret" was rendered in a most excellent manner. This again won additional new friends for the the players and the result was that the last night reserved seats were at a premium and some of the crowd had to satisfy themselves with standing room. The Tempest Dramatic Company has made for itself such a reputation that hereafter, when they come to Mount Joy they will have a crowded hall, not only the last evening of their performance, but every evening of their stay.—Mount Joy Star. At the Lyceum Dec. 5, 6 and 7th.

Advertising Quitters.

John Wanamaker says: If there is one enterprise on earth that a quitter should leave severely alone it is advertising. To make a success of advertising one must be prepared to stick to it like a barnacle on a boat's bottom. He should know before he begins it that he must spend money—lots of it. Somebody must tell him, also, that he cannot hope to reap results commensurate with his expenditure early in the game.

Advertising don't jerk; it pulls.

It begins very gently at first, but the pull is steady. It increases day by day, and year by year, until it exerts an irresistible power. It is likened to a team pulling a heavy load.

A thousand spasmodic, jerky pulls will not budge the load; while one-half the power exerted in steady effort will start and keep it moving.

There are three ways to make advertising pay and those are the only ways. There are no others. First, is to keep at it; second, is to keep at it; third, is to keep at it.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Nov. 26, 1904:

Mrs. Chas. Curtis, William Collins 2, John C. Holland.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP, Postmaster.

Winter Tourist Tickets.

To various points in Colorado, Texas, Louisiana, Old and New Mexico, Arizona and California are now on sale via the Missouri Pacific Ry. and Iron Mountain route. Standard Pullman and Tourist car service to California. For rates and full information address Jno. R. James, central passenger agent, 315 Bessemer Bldg., Pittsburg, Pa.

$13 Buffalo to Chicago and Return via the Nickel Plate Road account Live Stock Exposition. Tickets on sale November 27th, 28th and 29th, good returning to December 5th, inclusive. Write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

For Sale.

A span of bay horses, five years old, well broken, a good general purpose team. Will be sold for cash or on time with approved security.

D. C. YOUNG, Smethport, Pa.

Desirable Building Lots.

I have several very desirable building lots in this borough which will be sold at reasonable prices for cash or easy payments. For particulars call on or address Harry L. Backus, MINER office.

The finest line of boys' and girls' steel and wood sleds and skates in town.

Holmes & Gilfillan.

Subscribe for the MINER.

The Country Circus

By CAROLINE DUER

Copyright 19.. by Caroline Duer

DOLLY and I were out in the fields when the circus troupe went down the east road preparatory to its triumphal march up the main street of the village. It was a poor enough little procession—a white band wagon carved and painted to represent a swan between whose widespread wings five shirt sleeved men played indifferently upon different instruments, a cavalcade of six horses, three of them ridden by men in tawdry red and yellow uniforms and three by women whose trailing white satin habits brushed the dust from the bushes by the roadside, three small vans with looking glasses let into the sides, all scarlet paint and tarnished gilding, purporting to conceal the cages of wild beasts, a Roman chariot driven by a stalwart lady in a purple gown, two clowns on bicycles bearing aloft a red lettered advertisement and lastly a little tail of such unemployed youngsters as had been able to escape from the hard handed wrath of incensed mothers.

As the last stragglers disappeared round the corner we were aware of a little cart drawn by a lazy, learned looking donkey and containing a dark haired young woman who held on her knee a little child whitened, painted and pantalooned like a clown. By her side was a boy of about fifteen who divided his attention between driving the donkey, which seemed totally unconscious of him, and admonished the young woman, who appeared kindly more heedful, for her head was turned away, and every now and then she sang a snatch of song to the baby clown in her arms.

Every word they said was blown by the south wind straight to our ears.

"You'd better drop it Minna," observed the boy. "I tell you the old man's on to you and he's been watchin' you closer 'n a cat for I dunno how long. If it wasn't for the kid he'd have given Jim the sack a week ago."

"Would he?" said the young woman defiantly. "Well maybe Jim wouldn't have gone."

"Oh, go on!" cried the boy, but whether to the girl or the donkey seemed doubtful. "You make me tired. Ain't he good to you—the old man?"

"Off and on," returned she pettishly.

"Well it'll be more off than on if you keep foolin' with a nunga man though he is the smartest high flier on the bars and the father of Master Snow, the youngest livin' clown." And he struck the child's nose gently with the whip. "See here Minna, you liked the old man good enough when he first took a notion to you. You held your head up to beat the band when



SHE SANG A SNATCH OF SONG TO THE BABY CLOWN

you begun to be admitted to the boss of the whole bloomin' show. What's the matter with you?"

"I didn't know Jim then," returned the young woman shortly.

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said the boy in high disdain.

"Yes, that's it," doggedly.

The little cart moved on. At the corner of the road the young woman and the boy got out, the boy waiting by the donkey's head and the young woman keeping near the child, who stood up bravely in his dazzling white and red spotted apparel holding the reins and brandishing the whip.

"I am going to the circus, Aunt Pauline," announced Dolly with the assurance of one whose wishes have only to be made known to be gratified.

We bought red shiny tickets from an unseen person in a covered wagon and following the crowd through the narrow roped way to the opening of the large tent gave them up to a huge crippled man who sat there on a wooden stool with his crutches leaning against the canvas wall behind him.

I felt at once that I was in the presence of the old man, the boss of the whole bloomin' show—Joshua B Crane himself. His face was pale, square and determined, his thick eyebrows met above his nose and his shaved chin was of a deep blue. His shoulders and arms were muscular and powerful, but his right leg dragged stiff and dead from the hip socket and I thought I saw in his wrinkled forehead and the lines about his mouth the signs of irritability born of long pain and impatiently endured discomfort.

We passed by him into the tent and by Dolly's orders scrambled to the highest pinnacle of the public tier, whose gayly carpeted gateway was presided over by the pretty, furtive eyed, discontented looking Minna, and from that vantage point we complacently surveyed our surroundings.

A blast of melody announced the grand entry, and in a minute the six horses which had formed part of the procession earlier in the day were cantering heavily round and round the ring, nose to tail, while their riders smiled the fixed, inexpressive smile of fatigue and long habit.

As there was no room in the ring for farther evolution the equestrians trotted out, and during the slight pause which followed I recognized the boy who sold peanuts and popcorn as the very same who had driven the donkey cart and admonished Minna. He seemed to be somewhat undressed about the throat and to be wearing something light and spangly under his coat, from which I gathered that he was to appear later in a more glorious capacity. Nor was I mistaken, for after a muscular lady in purple tights had twisted herself in and out among the rings and swings head downward and hooked by her white kid boots, after the ringmaster had held a most spirited conversation with a red headed clown (who wanted to buy a giraffe of almost human intelligence and extraordinarily human legs), I beheld the young gentleman being tossed like a bag from the feet of one prone pink acrobat to another, apparently as composed as when he had been offering advice to unreasoning womanhood in the morning.

After this the band played galloping music to an empty ring. Then the curtains parted and the baby clown came running in, followed by a man also in clown's dress. Their costumes were identical, except that while the man wore only the usual white skullcap the baby had a tiny black chimney pot perched on the side of his head. He came trotting straight to the edge of the ring nearest us, and there he blew a shrill blast on a tin trumpet which he held in his hand. Thus the elder clown took away with a rebuke warning to make no more noise. Another was promptly produced from the voluminous pocket, and this also was removed. After the child had been deprived of six in succession the man threatened to thrash him, and then, pretending to listen, cried in surprise:

"What! You want to fight me?"

"Yes," piped the baby clown, straddling to the right. "Come over here."

But the ground did not suit, and again the little shrill voice could be heard inviting his tall opponent to "come over here." But the left, it appeared, was no better.

"Hello," says the man. "This won't do. You're making a fool of me. I want to fight, I tell you."

"Then you must run like the dickens," cries the child and scampers out of the ring.

This produced such a burst of applause that Master Snow had to be brought back, and there, held on the shoulder of the big clown while the band played a soft wheezy accompaniment, he sang the song I had heard Minna teaching him on the road:

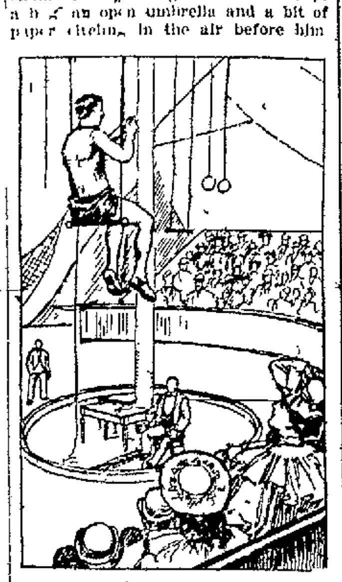
Oh, the badger and the bear and the monkey and the hare,
And the bonny birds a-singing in the greenwood tree,
And the charming little rabbits so engaging in their habits—
And they all have a mate but me, but me,
And they all have a mate but me.

Against the brown dimness of the tent the two white figures stood out with the boldness of a lift drawing. The expression of the man's face was intently amused, but sad and tender as he listened to the clear little voice quivering on the last notes. When the song was finished and the clapping had ceased he let the little creature slip down into the hollow of his arm, bade him bow to the audience, bowed twice himself gravely from right to left and then walked out of the ring and disappeared between the curtains. A murmur went about that he was the child's father, as indeed I had been sure from the moment I saw them together, and presently photographs of Mr James Snow and Master James Snow, the youngest living clown, began to be circulated by the industrious popcorn boy, who had again resumed the outer shell of respectability. There were some of the father alone in the acrobatic costume in which he was to appear later as the "smartest high flier on the swinging bars," some of the child in clown's dress and some of the father and child together as I had just seen them. Dolly bought one of the child alone and I of the two together, and I would not part with it now for a good deal.

During the next act (the flight of a shaggy pony through hoops of fire) we noticed Master Snow divested of his motley attire and dressed in a blue jean blouse, being put cozily to sleep by Minna in a little white hammock hanging near the entrance of the tent. He appeared to be of a placid disposition and used to take his afternoon nap in public, for he settled down contentedly as soon as she had lifted him in and never moved after she covered him up with what appeared to be one of her own jackets. For a long time she stayed by him, seated in a little rocking chair, swaying herself and the hammock lazily to and fro, and by and by I saw a man's figure coated to the heels, but revealing a flash of scarlet when it turned, slip out from the curtain and join her.

And as I looked I also saw in the background Mr Joshua B Crane leaning on his crutches, and his expression as he watched what I watched was by no means a gentle one.

He was now in evening dress, and the prim ceremoniousness of the black and white seemed as oddly incongruous with the time and place as with his harsh, rugged face, straining shoulders and dragging leg. He was to perform some juggling tricks, and as he swung himself slowly forward toward the stool which had been placed for him in the middle of the ring he made an impatient motion with his head, signing that the table containing his implements should be set nearer. What ever else he had been before he met with the accident which lamed him, he was at least a good juggler. His power over inanimate objects was amazing. He twirled a flaming hoop round and round on a paper parasol, he surrounded himself with a halo of glancing knives, he played with cannon balls as if they were marbles and broke chains by expanding his chest, he kept a bag, an open umbrella and a bit of paper circling in the air before him.



THERE HE SAT AT EASE

It was pathetic in a way to see this broken giant sitting alone in the squalid little ring amusing his audience with sleight of hand tricks.

When we clapped he picked his crutches up from the ground beside him, fitted them under his arms, rose, bowed and sat down again.

The ringmaster now announced that one of the most remarkable feats of marksmanship in the world, shooting the eye out of the ace of spades, was about to be performed by Mr Joshua B Crane, assisted by that celebrated aeronaut Mr James Snow.

The figure by Minna dropped its long coat and shot out into the ring, all scarlet and gold, beautiful, supple, graceful—altogether a startling contrast to the big juggler in his ill fitting evening dress.

In a minute the ringmaster and the one attendant had run Jim up to the trapeze, and there he sat at ease, rubbing his hands and looking out over our heads through the space between the roof and the sides of the tent to the strip of afternoon sky.

It had grown dark, and I heard the growling of distant thunder. Others heard it too, and some of the people began to straggle out.

"It seems so rude to go, doesn't it, Aunt Pauline?" said Dolly. "We're going to stay, aren't we?"

"If you like, dear."

"But are they going to make a noise with pistols—are they?"

"Only for a minute."

"I think perhaps we might go, Aunt Pauline, and come back when they have finished. I hate firing."

We began to descend, Dolly holding her ears with both hands and pausing now and then to stamp with her feet like a horse in high action.

The air was full of electricity, the sky grew dark, and the thunder seemed nearer. The people appeared to be in several minds about leaving. Some [illegible] still some of them [illegible] their places and some w[illegible]

[illegible]

"Isn't it [illegible]" [illegible]

[illegible] same [illegible] ringmaster [illegible]

It [illegible] the middle of [illegible]

His sound [illegible] and the exodus will [illegible] ceased for [illegible] the entrance [illegible] eyes reproached me and her hands flew up.

The trapeze began to swing to and fro faster and faster. The band played recklessly a medley of everything it knew. The pistol shot rang out again, the card fluttered down, the sweep of the scarlet figure continued for an instant, and then just as the applause burst out there were a snap and a shout and the dull sound of a body striking against wood.

The man was caught and wedged between the juggler's table and the center pole of the tent, a limp red bundle.

The crowd swarmed into the ring, and they lifted him and then laid him down again quite close to where I stood hemmed in so that for the moment movement was difficult, but doing my best to shield Dolly from the sight. He was very pale, but his eyes were open, and he spoke to the juggler, who was leaning on his crutches near by.

"You'd have fired me, the sac anyhow, governor," he said.

"The rope broke. It was an accident," whispered Crane hoarsely.

"You didn't use to play that trick with a real bullet, did you? Well, never mind. I'd as lief be here as tramping for another job. Let Minna look after the kid, will you? I guess his mother'll never trouble you, she hasn't me for years."

"Is there a doctor here?" roared Crane.

I saw Dr Dimpler's gray head and broad shoulders zigzagging through the crowd. He had left his children at the entrance and was making his way back as quickly as he could.

As I hurried Dolly out of the tent I saw Minna forcing her way into the ring, but Master Snow still slept contentedly in his white hammock all alone.

ABUSE OF ATHLETICS

Muscle Building Does Not Necessarily Improve the Health

Athletics may be good or evil and in the same manner as a two edged sword.

The prime object in athletics is improvement of the general health. One writer has said that health, like happiness, does not exist. He said the body consists of a number of mechanisms which have the closest and most exact relations, and as they approximate to harmony there is health, but when disordered there is ill health.

To obtain good health muscle building is not a necessity. One cannot judge of the person's health by the size and hardness of the muscles. The converse may be true.

To obtain health one must not be in a perfectly trained condition owing to the effects of severe training on the nervous system.

There is no evidence to prove that athletics and muscle building improve the constitution.

One should always keep in mind the fact that built up or hypertrophied muscle has a tendency to degenerate. The heart, being a muscular organ, shares in this tendency.

In regard to the moral side of the question it remains to be proved that athletics per se corrupt the morals. Dr J R Sturgis is confident that athletics improve the morals of a community.

Although the evidence for and against athletics is contradictory the whole subject may be summed up by stating that athletics are beneficial when properly and judiciously applied and very injurious when the precautions above mentioned are ignored or carelessly regarded.—Medical Record

A WOODEN INTRODUCTION

How Gainsborough Got Acquainted With Thicknesse

Gainsborough the artist was born at Sudbury in England, and there, says Lord Ronald Gower, he designed his first work of art. The orchard of his father's place had been repeatedly plundered of fruit. No one knew who the thief might be until one day young Gainsborough saw there a rough looking man leaning his elbows on the brick wall. He made a sketch of the fellow, and from this portrait the thief was afterward identified.

Later the boy cut out a rough figure from wood and painted it in oils in the likeness of this man. The scarecrow was known as Jack Peartree. It probably represents Gainsborough's first attempt at working in oils.

It was the means of introducing the artist to one of his most intimate friends, Thicknesse, the lieutenant governor of the Landguard fort near Ipswich. Thicknesse was one day walking with a friend when he perceived what seemed to be a melancholy faced countryman with his arms locked together leaning over the garden wall.

He pointed out the doleful figure to his companion, who it seems was acquainted with it.

"He has been there all day," said the gentleman. "I pity him. He must be either mad or very miserable."

Thicknesse insisted on approaching the wretched man, and to his delighted surprise found him to be Jack Peartree. So charmed was he with the fact that he lost no time in becoming acquainted with the author of such a lifelike [illegible] with the result of a warm and lasting friendship.

MAHOGANY WOOD

The Way It Came to Be Used In the Making of Furniture

Chippendale [illegible] to the fact that he published a book of designs with [illegible] copperplate engravings so that [illegible] any one who wished [illegible] and reproduce them exactly [illegible] such changes and improvements as suit his fancy. That they are capable of improvement Chippendale himself was the first to declare. Chippendale was one of the first makers of mahogany furniture. Before his time this precious wood was valued only for the medicinal qualities it was supposed to possess.

The idea of making furniture of mahogany would appear to have been the result of chance. A certain physician in London had a great many mahogany planks and, wanting a candle box, he sent for a cabinetmaker and instructed him to use the mahogany for the required article of furniture. The man objected that the wood was too hard [illegible] to get harder tools. The man did so [illegible] the box he [illegible] the Duchess of Buckingham came to see it. She was enraptured and persuaded the doctor to give her wood for a similar box. As a result mahogany got to be the fashion.

HORSEPOWER

The Unit as It Was Originated and Defined by Watt

When steam engines were employed to drive mills, pumps and other machinery which had been previously driven by horses it was natural to attempt to express the work done by them in terms of the working power of the horse.

James Watt was the first to define the unit of horsepower, which by experiment he found to be 33,000 foot pounds a minute. In other words, a one horsepower engine would raise 33,000 pounds one foot every minute and so on proportionally to the number of horsepowers indicated by the engine.

He arrived at this conclusion by observing the work done by heavy dray horses in breweries working eight hours daily and found that a horse going at the rate of two miles and a half an hour could raise a weight of 150 pounds by a rope led over a pulley, which is equal to 33,000 pounds raised one foot in one minute.

Watt fixed the unit of his engines [illegible] selected horses of [illegible] than average power.

Your levelers wish to level down as far as themselves, but they cannot bear leveling up to themselves.—Johnson

OLD CHINESE CALENDAR

The Way Its Errors Were Rectified by a Jesuit Astronomer

In the old Chinese classic the records of Yao we are told that he bade Hi and Ho reverently to regard the signs and respectfully give the times of men. Hi, Ho and two others of their respective families were ordered to the four points of the compass to determine the equinoxes and solstices. The bird supposed to be our Cor Hydrae was to be the star of spring, Antares (Alpha Scorpii) of summer, Beta Aquarii for autumn and the world renowned Pleiades the sign of the winter solstice. "Oh, you Hi and Ho," the old document continues, "all around there are three hundred and sixty and six days. Use the extra moon, order the seasons and perfect the year. Faithfully regulate the hundred offices, and all the works will be perfect." Thus was formed the first Chinese calendar about 2,300 years ago before the Christian era, and its regulation has always been an object of care and interest to the emperors from Yao down to the present day.

Practically no changes were made in it until the mission of the Jesuits to Peking in the seventeenth century. The help of Mohammedan astronomers had been sought, but they were unable to cope with the difficulties which presented themselves, and the emperor Kang Hi was thankful to let the Jesuits take the lead in all astronomical researches. He built them an observatory at Peking which Father Verbiest fitted up in 1668 in thorough up to date style. The errors of centuries had accumulated in all departments of the science, and the foreigners had a hard task to eliminate them and introduce European improvements without exciting hostility. The accuracy of their calculations soon inspired such confidence that Father Verbiest was appointed president of the mathematical tribunal. He soon turned his attention to the calendar, rectifying the errors but not making many changes beyond introducing the twelve signs of the zodiac and dividing it into 360 degrees instead of 365¼, as was the old Chinese division. The reformed calendar went into many details, and the calculations were given down to the year 2020 A D. It was published in thirty-two volumes and called in honor of the emperor the Kang Hi Perpetual Calendar.

The solar and lunar years are both used, and a combination is effected between the two by adding seven extra moons during the period of the lunar cycle—that is, nineteen solar years. The civil year commences with the second new moon after the winter solstice and consists of twelve months or moons called large or small, according to whether they consist of twenty-nine or thirty days. When an extra moon is to be used a thirteenth month is not added, but one of the months is doubled. The rule that the winter solstice shall be kept in the eleventh moon is never departed from.—Living Church

A GENTLE REPULSE

The Easy Way Lincoln Once Got Rid of an Office Seeker

"There was an ignorant man," said a senator, "who once applied to Lincoln for the post of doorkeeper to the house. This man had no right to ask Lincoln for anything. It was necessary to repulse him. But Lincoln repulsed him gently and whimsically, without hurting his feelings, in this way:

"'So you want to be doorkeeper to the house, eh?'

"'Yes, Mr President.'

"'Well, have you ever been a doorkeeper? Have you ever had any experience of doorkeeping?'

"'Well, no—no actual experience, sir.'

"'Any theoretical experience? Any instructions in the duties and ethics of doorkeeping?'

"'Um—no.'

"'Have you ever attended lectures on doorkeeping?'

"'No, sir.'

"'Have you read any text book on the subject?'

"'No.'

"'Have you conversed with any one who has read such a book?'

"'No, sir. I'm afraid not, sir.'

"'Well, then, my friend, don't you see that you haven't a single qualification for this important post?' said Lincoln in a reproachful tone.

"'Yes, I do,' said the applicant, and he took leave humbly, almost gratefully."—Chicago Record Herald

THE EARTH'S MOTION

Why We Do Not Feel the World's Rapid Flight Through Space

We have no direct sensation of the earth's motion because of its absolute smoothness and freedom from all jar or vibration, and, as everything—land, sea and air—is carried along at the same rate as ourselves, there is nothing to afford us any evidence that we are moving at all until we make reference to something altogether detached from the earth—as sun, moon or stars—and even then until reasoning and mathematical calculation are brought to bear it is these bodies and not ourselves which seem to move.

Gliding in a boat down a smooth river it is often impossible to perceive that we are moving except by reference to objects on the banks, and even then it is difficult to resist the impression that they are in motion while we are at rest.

The mere detail of speed does not affect the question, and, although the earth is rushing through space at the rate of eighteen miles a second, the motion, infinitely smoother than that of a boat on placid water, is absolutely imperceptible.

Contentment gives a crown where fortune hath denied it.—Ford

THE ELDER TREE

In Days Long Gone by It Was Held In Disrepute

In olden days to be crowned with elder was a disgrace. In an old play we read "Laurel for a garland and elder for disgrace." This may have been due to the story which Shakespeare has noticed, that Judas hanged himself upon an elder tree.

Well followed: Judas was hanged on an elder.—Love's Labour's Lost.

This legend was generally accepted. Ben Jonson in "Every Man Out of His Humour" has, "He shall be your Judas, and you shall be his elder tree to hang on," and Nixon in his "Strange Footsteps": "Our gardens will prosper the better when they have in them not one of those elders whereupon so many covetous Judases hang themselves."

Shakespeare [illegible] Hemo [illegible]

Grow patience
And let the stinking elder grief [illegible]
His perishing root with the increasing vine.—Cymbeline

—London Telegraph

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JOHN C. HAMLIN

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 24, 1904.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—The new advertisement of the Lindholm Co. is interesting.

—E. W. Strong has a new plumbing advertisement this week.

—Misses Ella and Edith Young entertained the Soangetahas Thursday evening.

—Gas stoves are advertised by Holmes & Gilfillan this week. They carry a large and first class line.

—Edinboro Normal has an increase in attendance of 31% over last fall. Send for catalog. John F. Bigler, Prin.

—The Gillette safety razor is advertised by Redfield's Hardware this week. It is the newest and best thing of the kind out.

—A great many cases of smallpox are reported in Tioga county and considerable apprehension is felt about the spread of the dreaded disease.

—The new grocery advertisement of Hagberg & Shorburne appears in this issue. This firm has put in an excellent stock of groceries, fruits and nuts for the holiday trade.

—"Si Plunkard" was the attraction at the Lyceum last Wednesday evening, and the play gave good satisfaction. The specialties were also pleasing with the exception of the monologue and other stunts by Tom R. Beaty.

—It is reported that Frank Oviatt, son of John B. Oviatt, the noted McKean county hunter, killed a small buck on the head of Potato creek one day last week. This is the first deer killed this season in McKean county, so far as we have heard.

—The Keelor Chemical works at Westmore was considerably damaged by a fire which broke out in the coal shed about five o'clock Sunday morning. The shed and a portion of the building where the retorts were situated, were destroyed before the blaze could be extinguished.—Kane Republican.

—David Flood, the Washington, D. C., man who for the past 12 years has been drawing a pension from the government under the pretence that he was John W. Collins of this city, has been sentenced to five years' imprisonment in a federal prison. Mr. Collins, who was present at the hearing as a witness in Washington, has returned home.—Bradford Star.

An Unfinished Prayer.

A southern doctor of divinity in New York on his vacation was speaking of unusual prayers he had heard. One was made by a young lawyer who, through innate piety or from a desire to advance his political fortunes by being identified with the church, besought the preacher to call on him for prayer in the weekly prayer meeting. Suspecting that politics and not piety was at the bottom of the lawyer's desire to pray in public the preacher did not call on him until one rainy night, when the attendance was slim. Then Brother H. being asked to "lead us in prayer," began his supplication. In great detail he mentioned the various situations, personal and general—in which the divine guidance was desired. Finally, however, he hesitated as if he had forgotten anything else to say. He showed signs of confusion, and then, in a despairing tone of voice, continued: "In conclusion, your honor, I might mention many other things, but these will suffice for tonight. Amen."

Remarkable Smile.

Mr. Robert Pollok, a Scottish poet, while a student of theology once delivered a trial discourse before the Secession Divinity hall, Glasgow, the subject of which was "Sin." His manner of treating it was, in the opinion of his fellow students, rather bombastic, and at some passages there were audible symptoms of the amusement which they derived from Mr. Pollok's high flown phrases.

At last there came one flight of fancy which was so remarkable that the professor himself was fairly obliged to give way—and smiled. It was when the young preacher had reached a climax in his enumeration of the dreadful evils which sin had brought into the world.

"And had it not been for sin," remarked Mr. Pollok, with great vehemence of manner and tone, "had it not been for sin, the smile of folly had ne'er been seen upon the brows of wisdom."

Doubtful Economy.

"Of course," he said, "I appreciate the motive that actuates you in your efforts to get along without a girl, but"—

"Well?" she said inquiringly as he paused.

"Taking everything into consideration," he went on, "is it true economy?"

"Isn't it?" she demanded.

"Well, I hardly feel competent to pass judgment on the question," he replied, "I have just received our family physician's bill for the treatment of those three cases of acute dyspepsia that developed in the family during the last month. Now, perhaps"—

But she was just as mad as if he hadn't tried to break it to her gently.—New York Press.

A Nerve Trying Ordeal.

Some years ago the students at the Japanese Naval academy were accustomed to attend the annual banquet. They sat at a circular table around a slowly revolving cannon loaded with a ball and trained to the level of their heads. The trigger was so arranged that it could be touched from a hidden source outside of the banquet hall. That at some time during the banquet the cannon would be fired every one at the table knew, but just when or in what direction it would be pointing was a mystery.

Of course there was a possibility that the ball might crash harmlessly between the heads of two banqueters, but it was equally probably that it might carry off the head of some student. Yet no one flinched. The chances were equal to all.

The picturesque object of destruction revolving during the jovial hours of the banquet, pointing from student to student and ready at a given moment to blow any one of them to pieces, was considered in Japan admirable training to steady the nerves of a fighting man.—Success.

Ancestor Worship in China.

Every Chinaman is supposed to possess three souls. One goes into the ground at burial, one into the "ancestral tablet" and one into the realm of spirits. It is partly in order to provide the last with those things which are requisite to its well being that ancestor worship is kept up, departed ancestors often taking revenge on the living for any negligence on their part in the performance of the customary rites for the dead by bringing some calamity upon the household. These "rites of the dead" are performed for all over ten years of age, with the hope of delivering them from hades or of improving their condition there. They last for periods that vary according to the age and wealth of the deceased—for children and young people from seven days to a month, for a middle aged man of ordinary means from a month to forty-nine days.

Antiquity of the Acrostic.

The acrostic certainly dates back to about 250 B. C., when the names of the plays in the arguments of the "Comedies" of Plautus were indicated by this ingenious device.

Cicero, about a hundred years later, in his treatise "De Divinatione," says: "The verses of the sibyls are distinguished by an arrangement which the Greeks call acrostic. From the first letters of each verse in order are formed words which express some particular meaning, as in the case of some lines of Ennius, the initial letters of which make 'this Ennius wrote.'"

A similar device was employed in some of the Hebrew psalms, notably in the One Hundred and Nineteenth, where each verse begins with the letter which stands at the title of its separate part throughout the twenty-two divisions of the psalm.

A Notable Baptism.

Do modern records contain anything to equal the following entry in the parish register of Old Whittington, Derbyshire: "Thomas Ashton, son of Mr. Arthur and Mrs. Jane Bulkeley, was baptized July 1, 1744. Godfathers: Edward Downs, esq., great-great-great-great-uncle; Dr. Charles Ashton, great-great-great-uncle; Joseph Ashton, gent., great-great-great-uncle. Godmothers: Mrs. Wood, great-great-great-great-aunt; Mrs. Wainwright, great-great-grandmother; Mrs. Green, great-grandmother. Registered at the request of Joseph Ashton of Landon, gent., who nominated the godfathers and godmothers, believing they are not to be paralleled in England."

A Snowball a Year.

One of the queer rents paid to the English crown is by the well known Foulis family. This family holds a forest, and the rental of the forest is the delivery of a snowball any day it is asked for. Always the Foulis family must have a snowball ready. It is no trouble to them, either, for Ben Wyvis, a mountain of great height, is in the forest, and the top is always covered with snow.

Incongruities.

A prominent New York clergyman was arguing with a youth of his parish about the evils of young men smoking cigarettes.

"What would you think," said he, "if you met an angel coming along with a cigarette in his mouth?"

"Well, doctor, what would you think if you saw an angel with an umbrella and a pair of patent leathers?"

Love or Sport?

The young schoolgirl or student may possibly seem overeager about hockey, but we all know perfectly well that not so long ago young men and love affairs were the prevailing subjects of the young girl's thoughts. No one surely will say that it is not an improvement to have healthy play instead of sickly sentiment.—London Church Times.

What He Said.

Tess—Yes, he was an old flame of mine. Did you tell him I was engaged to Jack Hansom? Jess—Oh, yes! Tess—I suppose he wondered how soon I would be married to him. Jess—No; not "how soon," but "how long."—Philadelphia Press.

Modest.

"She's a lovely girl, and so simple in her tastes! I told her that I hadn't much of an income yet, but that I hoped I could provide for her every want."

"And what did she say?"

"She said that would be all she could ask."

His Angel.

"Jimsley thinks his wife is an angel."

"That so? Why, I didn't know Jimsley was married."

"He is a widower."

I have money to loan on real estate no matter where located, at 4½ and 5 per cent. interest. There is no reason for paying a larger interest than this. If you have real estate that will warrant a loan, write to me about it. All correspondence strictly confidential.

F. Armington Peavey,
Mortgage Broker,
1090 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Crabs Hard and Soft.

The process of crabs shedding during the summer season is as follows: The crabs become fat; then they assume a bluish look on the back and yellow on underside. When in this condition if an outer shell be broken there will be found a skin similar to the inner skin of an egg covering the crab. In this stage the crab is known as a peeler. The next stage is when the outer shell begins to open, and the crab is then known as a buster. When the outer shell is stuffed, the crab is then a soft crab. If she has escaped from the cannibalistic male crabs, who pursue her during this period, she lies hidden in the grass in shoal water until the next tide, which hardens her shell considerably, and the crab is called a buckrum. Buckrums are the tough crabs sold as soft crabs, and when cooked the shell turns red, like that of a lobster, and is not desirable on account of its brittleness. In another tide the crabs become truly hard and go where they please without fear of being devoured by the male members.

One of Poe's Experiences.

Poe, one night during those last weeks he spent in Richmond, related this personal experience, adding that he would carry it with him to the grave.

"I was living in Philadelphia during the epidemic of the cholera there. All day I would pace the streets, seeing the dying and dead, until my heart was faint and sick within me. Late one evening, on coming home after one of these aimless wanderings, broken down and with a thousand pictures of suffering and death dancing hideously before my eyes, I lay upon the bed. In a moment I was asleep and dreamed that a black bird like a raven came into the room and perched over the door. I asked what it was. The bird replied:

"'I am the spirit of the cholera, and you are the cause of me.'

"I woke with a start, but the apparition was so real that it made an impression on me I shall never forget."—Lamp.

Origin of Grammar Schools.

"Grammar schools" are schools which were founded to teach grammar at a time when the word had a very different meaning from that which it bears at the present time.

Grammar is the science which investigates the laws of language and the art of using it correctly, and one would naturally imagine that a grammar school must necessarily be a school where the English language is taught, but it is not so.

In the middle ages, when the clergy were the only educated men, Latin was the language in which knowledge was preserved and handed down either orally or in writing, so "grammar came to mean the grammar of the Latin tongue and a 'grammar school' was an endowed school for teaching Latin (and afterward Greek) to poor scholars, to fit them for universities."

Tight Lacing and Great Men.

A correspondent says that the tight lacing periods of history have always been productive of the greatest geniuses, the loose dressing periods the reverse. Bacon, Shakespeare, Drake, Marlborough, Thackeray, Dickens, Scott—to mention only a few names—were born when chroniclers and fashion artists reveal to us the fact that "women were never satisfied till they could span their waists," and "while eighteen inches was the fashionable standard, many fashionable girls and women possessed waists fully two or three inches smaller."

But Thackeray said he would as lief marry a girl with a humped back as one with an eighteen inch waist.

Perishable Pearls.

Pearls are perishable. They cannot be considered a first rate investment like diamonds. After a time they decay. Sometimes a fine specimen will lose its luster and beauty within a few months, so that the possessor of such treasures does well to keep them put away in a sealed place. They consist of thin films overlaid one upon another, with more or less animal matter between the layers, and it is no wonder that they deteriorate.

Qualified His Statement.

She—To think that you once declared that you would love me as long as you lived! And now, although we have not been married a year, you care nothing at all about me! He—But, you see, when I told you I would love you as long as I lived I wasn't feeling very well, and I really didn't think I should live long!

Plenty of Advice.

"His trouble was just due to a neglected cold."

"A neglected cold? I don't believe there ever was such a thing. No man ever had a cold without having at least a dozen friends attending to it for him."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Ringing Speech.

Grayce—In a ringing speech last night George declared that he could not live without me, and asked me to be his wife. Gladys—In a ringing speech, eh? Grayce—Yes; and if you don't believe it, there's the ring!—Pittsburg Post.

Pride.

"Why did you tip that waiter? You can't afford to give away money."

"I know it, but I didn't want him to find it out."—Detroit Free Press.

Victims.

First Girl—Did you hear that Mr. Williams got a dreadful fright on his wedding day? Second Girl—Yes. I was in the church and saw her.

Opponents think that they refute us when they repeat their own opinions and take no notice of ours.—Goethe.

NELSON & BEARIKLE

The New Livery and Sales Stable.

Connected with St. Elmo Hotel, Fraley St., Kane, Pa.

First-class accommodations for the care of horses and vehicles.

Satisfactory service guaranteed.

Trading in Swaziland.

An English trader who invaded the wilds of Swaziland, South Africa, to establish a store for traffic with the natives thus describes the beginning of his merchandising: "I set up shop under the bucksail in the long grass, with a sackful of blankets, beads, jewsharps and tobacco, which we had carried. Within an hour or two I heard wild shouts, and, looking up from my work of cooking scones on a gridiron over the open fire, I saw half a dozen naked Swazi men war dancing down the slope of a hill which shut us in on the west side, brandishing assagais, long knives and knobkerries in wanton gayety and light heartedness. They had come in curiosity from their kraals near by. I exhibited my wares. They whistled through their teeth with surprised delight and danced off to return later with mealies, hens and sweet potatoes to offer in exchange. Such was the inauguration of our new store."

Napoleon and His Hats.

It is interesting to note that the legend of the "petit chapeau" still exists. Frenchmen always refer to the headgear of the first Napoleon as "the little hat." This is because the hats worn by Bonaparte at Toulon, at Lodi, in Egypt, during the famous eighteenth Brumaire and at Marengo were all quite small. When the emperor became stouter he ordered his hatter to widen the brims of his headdress so as to be more becoming. As he became fat and "potbellied" and as his face became bigger and bigger his hats became broader and broader. For instance, the hat of Waterloo is thrice the size of the hat of Austerlitz. These facts are recorded in the inventories of the emperor's hatters, Poupard et Cie.—New York Tribune.

Miseries of the Red Sea.

In the waters of the Red sea the cessation of the engines on a steamer for an hour means extreme physical suffering for passengers. For a day it would involve absolute torture. The wind which prevails every day is a hot, asphyxiating blast, and its continuous directions are from north and south toward the center. As a result every passing vessel is subjected to two days of almost intolerable heat, followed by two days of comparative comfort, but instances have been known of crowded liners being compelled when traveling with the wind to turn round and steam back for an hour or so in order to give the passengers even a brief respite from the sufferings induced by the dull, dead, unbearable atmosphere.—London Tit-Bits.

The Monks of Tibet.

A traveler in Tibet says that the peasant women of that country are cheery and, when washed, buxom and comely. The monks are the blot on the landscape. They bear no resemblance to the women of the country. One would think they belonged to a different type, and yet they are the sons and brothers of these women. The reason probably is the low, degraded life led by the ordinary monk, a life without interest, without work, devoid of any pursuit, intellectual or otherwise, and passed in the droning of chants and the performance of ritual, the meaning of which they neither know nor care about.

Defiance.

A little boy in Deering, Me., was brought before his father recently and accused of killing a chicken. "Who told you about it?" asked the boy. "The hen did," said the father. Nothing more was said that day, but the next morning the hen was found dead, and the boy, being accused of killing it, admitted it, saying in defense, "Yes, I did kill the hen, and I'll kill every hen that tells on me."

Justified.

City Editor—Why do you say he ran into the police station "puffing and blowing?" "Puffing" and "blowing" are synonymous. Reporter—Not at all. There's a vast difference—for instance, between puffing a man up and blowing him up.—Philadelphia Ledger.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date.

Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

NEW DILL PICKLES

very fine flavored.

NEW SWEET AND SOUR PICKLES

bulk and in bottles.

Pure Maple Syrup, Home-made and pure buckwheat flour.

Try some of our Michigan potatoes and see how fine they cook

Tomatoes, full standards, 3 for 25c. Broken tea leaves, all values, mixed, at 15c lb., 2 pounds for 25c. Make a good cup of tea.

Try Apitezo and Brittle Bitts for a cooked breakfast food. They are our best sellers.

J. COLEGROVE,
SMETHORT, PA.
Next to Bank.

Fall and Winter Shoes. . . . .

Our stock of Shoes for the Fall and Winter is complete and we are showing a large stock of the best makes.

When in need of footwear of any description gives us a call.

Shoes for Men
Shoes for Women
Shoes for Children
Shoes for Everybody

Anderson & Carlson,
Smethport, Pa.
Repairing a Specialty.

E. W. JONES,

(Successor to F. H. Nourse.)

LIVERY & FEED STABLE
Bennett House Barn

First Class Rigs at Reasonable Prices.

Directly Opposite Court House
SMETHPORT, PA.

ACME MILL,

GREEN BROS., Props.

MY STOCK IS FRESH AND CONSISTS OF

Flour, Feed, Meal, Wheat, Corn Oats, Hay, Straw, Bran, Middlings, Hominy, Linseed Meal, Etc.

Goods Sold for Cash only and Delivered Promptly.

Water & Hill Sts. Smethport.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES.

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $10c per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Dec. 1, 1904.

SENATOR MATSON received a plurality of 10,380 in his district comprising McKean, Potter and Tioga counties.

PERHAPS it is true the President will appoint only Roosevelt men to office. It would be pretty difficult for him to find any other than Roosevelt men in this country.

A DEFEATED presidential candidate is soon forgotten. Alton B. Parker attended a theatre in New York last week and no more notice was paid to him than any ordinary citizen.

THERE is much talk just now of a legislative re-apportionment of Pennsylvania. It certainly is needed. The representation in the house and senate at the present time is extremely unequal.

FIFTY thousand dollars will be distributed among the 163 township High Schools in Pennsylvania during the next sixty days by State Treasurer Mathues, out of the appropriation made for the support of these schools by the last legislature.

THERE are lively times promised in Colorado in the near future. Governor Peabody who was defeated for re-election by Alva Adams is making a contest and it is claimed that if he is not successful in this he will refuse to allow Governor-elect Adams to be seated.

WHILE Judge Hibbard of San Francisco was on the bench Monday, Rev. Isaac Selby shot at the Judge but missed. After the shot Hibbard rushed at Selby and overpowered him before he could shoot again. After being arrested Rev. Selby said he regretted that his aim was poor.

MINERS have broken into a cavern containing twenty-four mummies, near Silver City, New Mexico. Buried with the mummies were stone weapons and instruments, showing they belonged to a pre-historic race. The bodies are about 5 feet tall. The heads are small and the arms long. The cave was 100 feet below the surface of the earth.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT spent Saturday viewing the St. Louis exposition and he certainly had a strenuous day as he saw nearly everything to be seen in that time. He returned to the White House at 7 o'clock Tuesday morning and the whole trip, which lasted five days, was not marred by a single unpleasant incident, although many anonymous letters had stated that an attempt would be made on his life.

WHEN a candidate for President like Theodore Roosevelt has carried 33 out of 45 States, has won 343 out of a possible 476 votes in the Electoral College and has a popular plurality approaching 2,000,000, it is wasting good lung power to talk about conservatism or plutocracy or free trade or imperialism or anything else. Mr. Roosevelt has swept the country because his personality appealed with irresistible force to the imagination of the American people. So what's the good of holding an inquest and making a pretense of taking testimony?—New York World.

"AMERICAN" it is and "American" it will be for all Sir Edward Clarke's ill-timed and ill-natured protest at the Thanksgiving dinner of the American Society in London the other night against the use of "American" to designate our legations abroad. We are "it" as far as this continent is concerned. Usage in words yields to the real facts of the case and not to mere logic. Secretary Hay did not create the usage and habit, in London itself, of speaking of our representative as the "American" Ambassador. Secretary Hay found this usage and he recognized it. No mere verbal quibble can alter this settled usage.—Philadelphia Press.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

Washington, D. C., Nov. 27, 1904.

All appearances indicate that the Administration will conduct the affairs of the nation on strictly business principles for the common good. The tone of the President's three last speeches pleading for race harmony, deprecating class distinctions, urging men and women to be strong and make the most of themselves, advocating the simple life and proclaiming religious toleration, indicates that so far as in him lies peace and good will shall prevail throughout the land, followed by a state of intelligent happiness heretofore unknown in America. On Wednesday last some Chicago gentlemen called at the White House to ask the President to induce Secretary Hay to consent to deliver a speech on Washington's birthday before the Union League club of that city. Mr. Roosevelt said that Mr. Hay's health is not such as to warrant his undertaking to prepare a speech of the nature indicated. He is crowded with important diplomatic work and has yet to prepare a programme for the forthcoming Hague conference. And while Congress is in session the work of the State Department will be augmented.

The President added that now that the campaign is over, and Secretary Taft, Shaw and Wilson have enlightened the people generally upon government matters, from Maine to California, he desires for the future that members of the Cabinet shall not be called upon to deliver addresses except when they may necessarily appear as public officers. He says so much speaking and traveling interferes with their proper work and retards business. Most people will agree with the President and applaud his determination.

Much to the delight of Massachusetts the announcement is made that Secretary Moody will remain in the Cabinet. The President is fond of him, and finds that they hold many views in common on the great sociological questions—capital and labor; improvement of moral and material conditions; the tariff, finances, trusts, etc. Mr. Moody is known to have the Beef Trust in hand, and the President has highest confidence in his legal ability.

The fact that the President finished his message before starting for St. Louis, and that it is now in proof, is thought here in Washington to indicate that it is a brief document recommending little legislation outside of the regular appropriation bills. These of themselves promise to call for enough money, and it would be unwise to disturb present business interests by introducing revolutionary legislation. On all sides bureau chiefs are asking for more funds and more men. Government work increases so fast, as a result of the great undertakings in which it is engaged, that it is difficult to keep up with it. The Panama Canal will soon need many more men and much money. The chief of the Bureau of Navigation asked for a general staff not unlike that provided for the army, to administer naval affairs, and says that the number of officers should be increased at least 50 per cent. He wants 600 lieutenants in the Navy and 300 lieutenant commanders. He urges that the United States must be prepared to meet any crisis at any time. He would have Congress authorize a naval reserve of 20,000 men with 600 commissioned officers.

The coming short session of Congress promises to be hard working and full of business, if everybody's wishes are to be satisfied. A score of Senators and twice as many Representatives have already arrived in this city, and more are coming every day. Of the great appropriation bills waiting to be passed, which exceed the hundred million dollar mark, there are the Postoffice, the Pension and the Navy bills. No one can now tell how much will be called for by the public building, the river and harbor, and the Panama and Philippine bills. Legislation will be asked for authorizing extensive improvements in the Philippines—railways, highways and public buildings. Naturally much of the money for this work must come from the Filipinos themselves.

Among the incidental matters to come before Congress are the proposed impeachment of Judge Swayne of Florida, and the case of Senator Smoot. While additional evidence is being taken in both of these cases, many Congressmen are of the opinion that the Judge will not be impeached and that the Senator will be allowed to retain his seat. This aside from the fact that the five more or less Mormon states went Republican.

Secretary Hay has in hand the report of the Commission on International Exchange. It has to do with the monetary system of China and Panama. The commissioners are Hugh H. Hanna, Charles A. Conant, and Prof. J. W. Jenks. Minister Conger, writing from Pekin, says Prof. Jenks has practically brought the Chinese Government to believe that it should adopt the gold standard in the new coinage. The plan cannot be carried out at once as the public must be consulted, but it will be considered.

The Department of Commerce and Labor has published a very interesting report of the exports of the United States for twelve months ending October 31st. It shows that in spite of the unusually small exports of food products during the period indicated, the total value of all kinds exceeds by $60,000,000 the exports of any preceding year. While bread-stuffs fell off $86,000,000 below the corresponding period of 1903, and $158,000,000 below 1901, the exports of manufactures and of raw cotton make up the difference and account for the great increase. The export of cotton alone exceeds by $22,000,000 the corresponding period of last year.

Times change and men change with them—the old order of things passes away. The perfunctory Cabinet dinners have been abolished; the President has thrown down the wall of exclusiveness, and hereafter a cabinet minister who entertains the President may invite people to dinner outside of the official circle to sit at table with the rulers of the land.

The Secret of Success.

Forty million bottles of August Flower sold in the United States alone since its introduction! And the demand for it is still growing. Isn't that a fine showing of success? Don't it prove that August Flower has had unfailing success in the cure of indigestion and dyspepsia—the two greatest enemies of health and happiness? Does it not afford the best evidence that August Flower is a sure specific for all stomach and intestinal disorders?—that it has proved itself the best of all liver regulators? August Flower has a matchless record of over thirty-five years in curing the ailing millions of these distressing complaints—a success that is becoming wider in its scope every day, at home and abroad, as the fame of August Flower spreads. Trial bottles, 25c; regular size, 75c. For sale by H. C. Wells.

Subscribe for the MINER.

The elaborate display of

HOLIDAY GOODS

AT McCOY'S DRUG STORE

consisting of all the late novelties such as DAINTY BOOKS, POEMS, PRAYER BOOKS, BIBLES, DIARIES, CALENDARS, beautifully bound.

If you want your heart filled with the love of Christmas don't fail to call in here. For sure SANTA CLAUS has left us the best.

McCOY'S DRUG STORE

H. C. WELLS

Is getting ready for the

HOLIDAYS

As usual Santa Claus will be in full bloom at his store.

Call and See the Display.

Holiday Groceries.

As you know we have always carried a first-class line of groceries, but perhaps you do not know that we have in our store a fancy stock of groceries, fruits and nuts for the holidays. In this stock you will find all the table delicacies usually found in a large city store.

We also have the best oysters in town and they are always fresh.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

DO NOT FAIL TO LOOK.

Have just returned from New York where I purchased a very large line of Holiday Goods, as well as the most correct novelties in Ladies' Neckwear, belts, girdles, fancy combs and many other goods that comprise Ladies Furnishings. Do not fail to see my Japanese Goods, especially Vantine's Sachet, Talcum Powder and Soaps.

M. L. BISETT,
THE CITY STORE.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

BY VIRTUE OF SUNDRY WRITS OF FIERI FACIAS, Levari Facias and Venditioni Exponas, Alias Fieri Facias, Pluries Fieri Facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose at public sale in the Court House, in the borough of Smethport, on

MONDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1904.

at 1 p. m., the following several pieces of property:

I.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece or lot of land situate in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, fronting 65 feet front on Jefferson street in said City, and known and described as Lot No. 101 according to the Jefferson Street Paving assessment map made by the city engineer of the City of Bradford and filed on record in the Recorder's Office of McKean County, Pennsylvania, February 8th, 1899, in Deed Book, Vol. 103, page 500.

Improved and having thereon a two story frame building used as a store and dwelling.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of W. H. Holley at the suit of the City of Bradford.

F. P. Schoonmaker, Plaintiff's Attorney.

CHAS. E. MAYS, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Smethport, Pa., Nov. 22, 1904.

Clerk's Notice in Bankruptcy

In the District Court of the United States for the Western District of Pennsylvania, John R. McCarty of McKean county, Pennsylvania, a bankrupt under the Act of Congress of July 1, 1898, having applied for a full discharge from all debts provable against his estate under said Act, notice is hereby given to all known creditors and other persons in interest, to appear before the said Court at Pittsburgh, in said District, on the 9th day of December, 1904, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon; to show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of the said petitioner should not be granted.

WILLIAM T. LINDSEY, Clerk.

C. A. BURDICK
—DEALER IN—

Pianos, Organs and Musical Instruments of all kinds, Wheeler & Wilson Domestic and other Sewing Machines.

Also representing old and reliable Fire, Life, Accident and Sickness Insurance Companies.

C. A. BURDICK
Main St. Smethport, Pa.



RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR
Main St. - Smethport

Blankets and Robes.

The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at this store you can always find

Just What You Want.

All line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Cases, Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices. Harness—All the latest styles in single or double, light and heavy harness.

Chas. Lemmler,
Smethport, Pa.

EXCLUSIVE SHOE DEPARTMENT | BROWN | MERCHANT TAILORING DEPARTMENT

Everything that is brown is strictly in it. Brown Suits, Brown Overcoats, Brown Hats, Brown Neckwear and Brown Hosiery. In fact everything brown.

Watch for window display.

H. W. RUBIN, SMETHPORT, PENNA.

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

Double Purple Trading Stamps

Will be given at store of D. C. Young until January 1, 1905, if stamps and premiums hold out. After that I do not expect to give any more stamps. I only have a few one book premiums and have not succeeded in getting any more. My reason for giving Double Stamps is to enable those who are trying to get a one book premium to get a two book premium for the same price, which is quite an extra expense to me, but will not cost my customers any more. I have several valuable premiums which can be secured by combining books.

My stock of goods is complete in every line and prices are right. Come early, avoid the rush and take your choice.

D. C. YOUNG
SMETHPORT, PA.

December 1, 1904.

PLACE YOUR ORDER FOR

Fall and Winter Clothing

with me. Have an up-to-date and complete line to select from and if you are thinking of getting a

SUIT, OVERCOAT OR TROUSERS

made to order it will pay you to call and inspect my line before going elsewhere. Clothes cleaned and pressed promptly. A trial will convince you.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

G. W. Shillenn,
The Leading Tailor
Chadwick Block. Smethport.

It is not Extravagance

If you come to us for your Summer Furniture. It is true that we have the best but it does not cost as much here as much here as the ordinary kind elsewhere.

Be cool and comfortable during the hot summer months. You can do it just as well as not; all it requires is some of our easy Porch Furniture.

"See Sloan First."

16 Main Street, BRADFORD, PA.

The Miner and Tribune Farmer

$1.25 per year in advance. Subscribe now.

Special Sale of Bedding

ONE WEEK ONLY DEC. 3 to 10, Inclusive.

Early in the season when beddings were cheaper we purchased large quantities of Blankets, Comforts, etc. Now we find that we have on hand too many of certain kinds and in order to dispose of them and make room for holiday goods we offer them now in season at prices which will make it an object for you to buy.

COTTON BLANKET SPECIALS

White or Grey Cotton Blankets. Special sale price — 59c pr
Fancy Cotton Blankets for Robes. Special sale price — $1.19 pr
11-4 Extra Heavy Grey Cotton Blankets. Regular price $2. Special for this sale — $1.69 pr
11-4 Heavy Grey Cotton Blanket, colored borders. Regular $1.75 value. Sale price — $1.48 pr.

MUNCY WOOLEN BLANKETS

10-4 White Woolen Blankets, pink or blue borders. Regular price $3.50. Sale price — $2.98 pr
10-4 Extra Heavy Red Woolen Blankets, black borders. A good value at our regular price, $4.50. Sale price — $3.89 pr
11-4 Heavy White Wool Blankets, blue, pink or red borders Regular $6.75 values. Sale price — $4.89 pr
11-4 GOLD MEDAL White California Wool Blankets. Regular price $8.75. Sale price — $7.75 pr

COMFORTS AT COMFORTABLE PRICES

Silkoline Comforts with good clean cotton filling. Regular $1.25 value. Sale price — 99c each

Watch for Our Big Holiday Goods Ad Next Week

The Lindholm Company

THE GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR MEANS DELIGHTFUL SHAVING

No matter how hard your beard, or how tender your face. No waiting around crowded barber shops. No "next." No stropping or honing. Always sharp. A safe safety. Impossible to cut yourself. Instantly adjusted for close or light shaving. All you have to do is to shave, we do all the work. Do not confuse this razor with any safety you have ever seen or heard of. Come in and see it at

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Dec. 1, 1904.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Winter is with us now in all its glory.

—See H. C. Wells' new advertisement in regard to holiday goods.

—Read new ad of D. C. Young. He has something to say about trading stamps.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. George H. Denning of Green street on Thursday, Nov. 24, a boy.

—The J. L. Tempest Dramatic Company will be at the Lyceum Dec. 5, 6 and 7. Prices 10, 20 and 30 cents.

—Because one of the jurors became ill the trial of Nan Patterson will have to be commenced again and tried over.

—Major Delmar, Al Smather's great pacer, was sold last week for $15,000. Mr. Smathers paid $40,000 for him last year.

—Christmas goods are advertised by Fry & Comes this week and they have a large line, most of which are very useful.

—The W. C. T. U. will hold their regular meeting next Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock in the Methodist chapel.

—Byron McKeown, brother of the late Arthur McKeown and of William McKeown of Mt. Alton, died in Pittsburg this week.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday the services will be at 8:00, 10:00 and 10:30 a. m., and at 7:30 p. m. Bishop Whitehead will officiate.

—Wm. Brooder and Miss Mae Force of Port Allegany were recently married. The groom is a son of Wm. Brooder of Sartwell, a former jury commissioner.

—McCoy's Drug Store has a new and enlarged advertisement this week telling of their holiday display. This store certainly has a handsome stock of holiday gifts.

—M. L. Youmans, brother of A. L. Youmans of the Lindholm Co. of this place, has accepted a position as manager of the dry goods department in a large company store in Colorado.

—J. C. Hamlin advertises many useful articles this week, among which are edged tools. This old reliable house can always be depended upon for first-class goods and the prices are always right.

—G. W. Huff, a snapper employed in the Smethport window glass factory, was quite severely cut about the right hand by the breaking of a roller one day last week. Six stitches were taken to close the wound, and Mr. Huff will be incapacitated from work for some time.

—"Aggressive Christianity" will be the pastor's subject at the Baptist church next Sunday morning. "The Dicipline of the body" will be the evening subject.

—Niagara Falls has been selected for the 1905 meeting of the Imperial Council of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine to be held in June. It is expected that the attendance will be over 15,000.

—F. W. Brownell has placed a Kinkauer Bros. upright piano in his home this week. The instrument was purchased from James F. Dalton, agent for Denton, Cottier & Daniels, Buffalo.

—Mrs. D. H. Lamb of Galeton was painfully burned on Wednesday of last week while smothering flames on the clothing of Miss Louise Smith, who was also severely burned. Both will recover.

—H. N. Prill of No. 7 Main street, Bradford, has a new advertisement in this issue in regard to jewelry, etc., for the holidays. When you buy of Prill you have the satisfaction of knowing that you are getting honest goods at honest prices.

—"God's Revelation of His Holiness," is the topic for next Sunday morning at the Methodist church; "The Influence of Belief Upon Conduct and Character," is the topic for Sunday evening, being one of a series upon the "Mutual Influence of Belief and Character."

—Rummaging in an old family bible at McAdoo, near Hazelton, James Carlin, Jr., found checks amounting to $1,200, and several neighbors' notes of $100 each, which his father had deposited there. Moral: The bible can always be read with profit.—Ex.

—Joseph E. Combs, aged 25 years, was instantly killed while walking in front of a locomotive near Ansonia, Potter county, on Thanksgiving day. He was a young man of good family who had led a wild life and it was undoubtedly a case of suicide.

—The benefit dance given at the Lyceum last Thursday evening by the window glass workers was not a financial success as it only barely paid expenses. However, those who were in attendance had a most delightful time. Music was furnished by the Lyceum orchestra.

—A farewell surprise party was tendered to Mrs. Wm. Barnett at her home in this place by a number of the Lady Maccabees Saturday evening. An enjoyable time is reported. Mrs. Barnett is now at home in Hornellsville, N. Y., where her husband is employed on the P., S. & N. R. R.

—A big hole was blown in the dam at the Millgrove with dynamite last week by parties unknown. It is said that a larger opening will be made. The river has fallen several inches in consequence.—Eldred Eagle. This job was probably done to kill fish and the parties should be apprehended and punished for their double crime.

—The Canadian Colored Concert Company which held the boards at the Lyceum last Saturday evening gave excellent satisfaction to the small audience that greeted them. The company is made up of many individual artists and should have received a much larger patronage.

—The boxing contest between Curley Supples and Brooklyn Jack Ryan at the Eagle's Club, Bradford, Thanksgiving night was a fake. Ryan laid down in the second round and was counted out, but the referee made him get up and box seven more rounds in order to get a percentage of the receipts.

—J. L. Tempest Dramatic Co. showed to a good house last evening. They are the best repertoire company that ever showed in the town. To-night they will present the four act social drama entitled "Lady Audley's Secret."—Brookwayville Herald. At the Lyceum next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

—Mr. Lorenzo M. Johnson, president of the Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern Railroad Company, died at the Commercial Hotel in St. Marys at 10 o'clock last evening of Bright's disease. The remains passed through this place Tuesday afternoon on a special train enroute for Chicago where the funeral will be held.

—The Oswayo Valley Mail is responsible for the following: A Bolivar girl who became engaged the other day was so happy that she put salt in a cake she was making instead of sugar, tried to put a piece of wood in the frying pan, and put the meat in the fire, and passed her father the cream when he asked for his hat.

—Sunday morning, at 8:30 o'clock, at the General hospital in Olean, occurred the death of August Steir, as the result of injuries received Saturday when he fell and became impaled on a water key in North First street. Mr. Steir was 68 years old. He was a member of the German Lutheran church and Riverside Tent, K. O. T. M.

—The masquerade ball given by J. L. Hammond at the hose house last Wednesday evening was a decided social success and all who attended danced to the music of Chadwick's orchestra until a late hour. The prize for the best dressed lady was awarded to Mrs. Burt Deming and the prize for the funniest costumed man was awarded to Lewis Kenyon.

—In the Pittsburg newspapers of Nov. 22, Bishop Whitehead makes denial that he ever said anything to approve of the subway tavern idea, or ever expressed any wish to see such an institution in Pittsburg. The Bishop says that the statement made in some newspapers as coming from him was simply put into his mouth and he never uttered such sentiments.

—For the benefit of those desiring to attend the meeting of the Pennsylvania State Grange, Patrons of Husbandry, to be held at Erie, December 13 to 16, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell round-trip tickets to Erie from all stations on its lines in the State of Pennsylvania, December 12 to 15, good to return until December 17, inclusive, at reduced rates (minimum rate, 25 cents.)

—An Austrian provided vocal music for his own funeral with his own voice. This statement at first sight seems absurd; but it is vouched for as an actual fact. He sang into a phonograph an appropriate hymn and kept the cylinder in a safe place. He left due directions to relatives and when he was dead the phonograph was used as directed at the man's funeral service. It was a weird innovation and deeply impressive.—Era.

—Tuesday evening the store of L. W. Burdick on Main street was broken open by unknown persons, some cigars and $8 in money were stolen. The thieves gained entrance by prying open the window in the rear of the store. An attempt was made to remove a window light on the south side of the store, but being frightened away by something, they later returned and gained entrance as has been stated.—Port Allegany Argus.

—Capt. E. T. Newman of the Cornell cross-country runners, who distinguished himself in the race last Wednesday, expects to return to Smethport in June, making his home with his aunt, Mrs. D. C. Young of West Main street. "Ned," as he is familiarly known by his many friends here, in writing to a friend, says: "There is no place in the world so fine, so comfortable and so pleasant as the dear old town and I just love it." We are glad to welcome the victorious captain, who has made such an enviable record for himself in athletics.

—Don't miss the Ladies' Home Journal booth at the Junior Auxiliary fair Dec. 7 at St. Luke's parish house. The Journal for the coming year will be fifteen cents a single copy, but if you will come to the fair and give your subscription you will save eighty-five cents and thereby get the Journal for a dollar a year. All the readers of the Journal are invited to attend the fair. If your subscription does not run out until later on in the year you can give your name and you will get the renewal when your time expires. This will be a good Christmas present for your friends.

Notice to Advertisers.

All advertisers should remember that changes of advertisements must reach this office not later than 1 p. m. on Tuesday in order to appear in the following issue of the MINER. We must strictly enforce this rule so it would be well to paste this where the "ad man" can see it.

WANTED—A lady or married couple to board. Inquire of Mrs. J. F. Neff, Cemetery St.

Go to Charles Lemmler for robes, blankets and bells. No better line can be found.

Personal Mention.

Guy B. Mayo had business in Kane last Friday.

Foster Studholme was up from Olean Thanksgiving Day.

Sheriff Chas. E. Mayo had business in Bradford yesterday.

Attorney John E. Mullin of Kane was a business visitor here on Tuesday.

Col. Melville M. Gillette left Tuesday morning for his home in Newark, Ohio.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Digel of Bradford spent Thanksgiving with relatives in town.

Miss Grace De Frohm of Kane spent Thanksgiving Day with Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Myers.

F. P. McCarty left Thursday for Hattiesburg, Miss., where he will spend the winter.

W. Wheelan of Port Allegany was the guest of his son, T. P. Wheelan and family Thanksgiving day.

Hon. Henry Hamlin and Orlo J. Hamlin left Monday evening for New York city on a business mission.

Mrs. Chas. H. Gleason, daughter Miss Mildred, and son, Neil, spent Thanksgiving with Buffalo friends.

Mrs. Eugenia Hamlin and daughter, Janette, and Mrs. J. H. McCandless left for Buffalo on Monday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Bradley of Bradford, Pa., who have been visiting their daughter, Mrs. W. J. Kerr, returned home Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. David R. Bradley and children and Miss Grace Lockwood of Bradford, Pa., spent Thanksgiving with Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Kerr.

Mrs. Sarah Brennan, Miss Martha Brennan and Mrs. Edna Warren and little daughter are guests of Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Gallup.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

Mr. and Mrs. John Youmans, who have resided in Smethport for the last three years, moved this week to their home in Westfield, Pa. They have the best wishes of their many friends and acquaintances formed during their stay with us.

To the Ladies.

You are cordially invited to be present at our store Tuesday, Dec. 6, afternoon and evening, when Mr. C. E. Martin, a practical gas range man, will give a demonstration of "Cooking by Gas."

Holmes & Gilfillan.

Try the Acme Cushion shoe for ladies. The easiest shoe made, at Rubin's shoe store.

WANTED—A girl for general housework. Apply to Mrs. Eugenia Hamlin.

C. H. Gleason pays cash for hydes and furs.

LYCEUM THEATRE

MONDAY, TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY, Dec. 5, 6, 7

J. L. Tempest Dramatic Co.

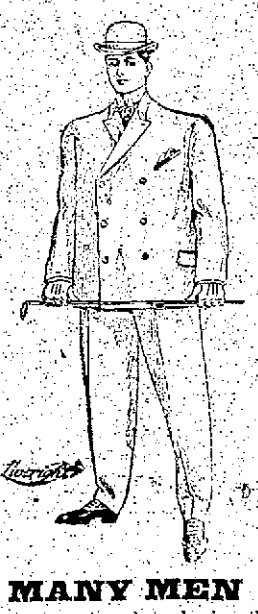
—PRESENTING—

"The Vagabond's Wife"
"Lady Audley's Secret"
"Red, White and Blue"

FIRST-CLASS SPECIALTIES

PRICES 10, 20 and 30c

Seats on sale at H. C. Wells' Drug Store.



MANY MEN

Hitherto accustomed to having their clothes "made to measure" are now our regular patrons. They have learned that they get here a better fit, more becoming Clothes and save themselves a lot of time and annoyance. Suits and Overcoats from $10.00 to $15.00.

WM. MONHEIMER.

FRY & COMES

FURS NECKWEAR MUFFLERS
UMBRELLAS GLOVES SUSPENDERS

CHRISTMAS GOODS

DOLL SHOW THIS WEEK.

We are getting out the new holiday stock this week. They will have their inning now for the next twenty-one days. Short enough time, too, as days fly at this season when there is so much to do.

This store can serve you better this year as a place to select gifts of all sorts than ever before. There's as great variety of the practical things such as are always found in the best dry goods and men's furnishing stores, a splendid assortment of Pictures, Toilet Cases, Sterling Silver Goods, Smokers' Sets, Fancy China and kindred goods.

The basement Toy and Game store we are sure you will pronounce quite complete and a considerable advance over anything our town has ever shown before. The Humpty Dumpty Circus is one of the new toys which is bound to please the little folks.

ENGRAVING FREE.

We will engrave free of charge all umbrellas from $4 to $10. Sterling silver and cuff buttons from $1 to $2.

FRY & COMES.



"Use Your Own Judgment"

AFTER SEEING THE STOVE MAKERS' MASTERPIECE

The Detroit Jewel Elevated Oven GAS RANGE

This is the latest production of the world's largest stove manufacturing plant.

Quality and economy has been the foundation that has made them good.

DON'T FORGET

that TUESDAY, DEC. 6, afternoon and evening, you are respectfully invited to be present at our store to attend a practical demonstration of "Cooking by Gas."

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

THE GREAT SUPPLY HOUSE

DOUBLE STORE IN HAMILTON BLOCK

....HOLIDAY STOCK....

At this time of the year every one is thinking of Chrisimas.

We have a large and well selected line of goods.

Our collection presents the broadest possible chance for the buyer, and and as the best time to buy is while the stock is complete we have everything ready for the early purchasers.

7 MAIN ST. **PRILL** BRADFORD, PA.

HEADQUARTERS

For Ladies' and Children's Wearing Apparel.

We are prepared for the largest Winter Business in our history. Large stocks rightly bought and low priced is a combination that cannot be beat and spells quick sales.

Of course the choicest bargains go first.

Buy your Winter Hat now. We have a large and complete assortment.

Just received a new lot of Winter Waists, latest styles and colors. Also can show you an elegant line of silk petticoats. Quality guaranteed.

Mercerized skirts from 98c to $2.75.

Do not fail to look at our new line of Rain Coats, Ladies' and Children's Coats, Furs, Gloves, Belts, Underwear, etc.

MRS. A. E. HINMAN.

It Isn't Too Early

To Think About

Boys' Clothes

Nor to Look at Clothes for Winter.

For the handsome things and novel things are snapped up quick.

The first comer get the choice of the stock.

IKE SIMONS

46-48 Main St. BRADFORD. The Big Double Clothing Store

ENTER THE WIDOW

By Annette Graham

Copyright, 1904, by T. C. McClure

"Great, isn't it?" asked DuBois.

"Couldn't be better!" said Marshall. "You've certainly done wonders!" said the infant.

"Beats any boarding house we've ever struck!" said Remmington, and he glanced significantly through the window across the court.

The "court" was really nothing but an air shaft, and on the other side the window opened into the dining room of a typical city boarding house, with its clatter of dishes and forced conversation. Listening to it all, the four bachelors in their own cozy quarters smoked on in contented silence.

They had stuck together for four years, trailing from hotel to boarding house, boarding house to bachelor apartments, bachelor apartments to restaurants, until in despair they had decided to furnish a flat. DuBois had been elected to buy the furniture and install the domestic machinery. The other three declared that he had a bump of domesticity that ought to be encouraged. So he had experimented with the employment agencies, where he had interviewed women grave and gay, who hailed all the way from Norway to Africa, and at last he had secured the services of Wyote, a typical Japanese servant, with excellent references.

No four children, possessed of brand new pails and shovels on a sandy beach, ever experienced more pleasure than these four grown men with their new toy, which they had dubbed "The Snuggery." Every night as they sat at table they expressed appreciation of their own comfortable position and deep commiseration for the unfortunate individuals who boarded across the area. Then came a day when silence brooded over the other flat. Bare, uncurtained windows, covered with dust, greeted the occupants of "The Snuggery" when they came home that night.

"Move very quick," said Wyote concisely, and the bachelors really felt as if something had gone out of their lives when they could no longer pity their next door neighbors.

For a week the opposite flat was empty. Then came decorators. The staring windows were cleaned, and one night DuBois, coming home earlier than the others, saw a pretty girlish face at the opposite window. It was rather a high bred face, too, though its owner could not be more than sixteen, and it was framed on either side by hangings of some soft green material. DuBois turned away from the window and looked inquiringly at Wyote, who was setting the dinner table.

"No man; all ladies," said Wyote.

"Good Lord!" said DuBois. "I hope it's not a young ladies' seminary." And the rest of the fellows echoed his wish. Half an hour later the pretty girl, otherwise Kittie Bronson, exclaimed:

"Auntie, dear, do look; there isn't a woman over there—just four horrid men with a Japanese servant!"

"Kitty, Kitty," said Mrs. Bronson as she hastily drew down the shade, "I can see very plainly that this is no place for you. You must remember that, while in Little River it was your privilege to know all about your neighbors' affairs, in New York every family lives unto itself, and—and you really must not display any further interest in the people across the areaway, particularly if they are all men."

Kitty Bronson did not mean to be disobedient, but the window across the areaway possessed a fascination for her, and even her aunt had to admit a mild interest in the doings of those "four funny bachelors." Mrs. Bronson also had a bump of domesticity, and, though a woman of means, she managed her elegant little home, with its two servants and her late husband's niece, in a manner economical, yet not penurious. She loved dainty things and gave much time to domestic details. It sometimes annoyed her to see how Wyote wasted and mismanaged.

"It's a burning shame," she would say to herself. "What those unfortunate boys spend to run that house would keep two families."

She did not mean to be impertinent, but she could not fail to see that gas was burned until patience ceased to be a virtue and that good wholesome food which could have been made into delicious entrees went down to the janitor. It vexed her housewifely soul. Then, too, she was a woman, still appreciative, and the occupants of the bachelor flat—well, she had seen men she could admire less. She had just begun to call them "those poor boys" when she was summoned one night from the tiny drawing room to the alcove of the dining room by her excited niece.

"Do look, auntie! He is showing his Japanese servant how you set the table."

And, sure enough, at the opposite window stood DuBois with Wyote. He pointed first to his own table and then to Mrs. Bronson's. And the next evening there were four silver candelabra with silk shades and rosy candles on their dinner table. The next lesson across the areaway came in the morning, and, after a heart to heart talk with Wyote, DuBois turned to the expectant trio and remarked: "What's the use of paying a big price for a mahogany table if you don't see it once in awhile? If the mother of that pretty girl over there has a bare table for breakfast I bet it's the right thing."

But the next morning he was back at the window, a puzzled expression on his face. Clearly there was something wrong with the mahogany table and there was no one to be seen at the table across the areaway. Wyote stood respectfully expectant at his elbow. Neither of them dreamed that Mrs. Bronson was sitting at one side of her window and could hear what they said and watch their reflection in the mirror in the sideboard.

"Now, Wyote, ours doesn't look like that. You must have forgotten something. What the devil is it?"

"It's the doilies," floated across the areaway in a musical, half laughing voice. Then appeared at the window Mrs. Bronson, roguish, yet flushed at her own boldness. "Oh, I beg your pardon! It was most impertinent of me, but my niece and I have taken such an interest in your bachelor housekeeping, especially since you have been kind enough to take my little dining room as your—your—"

"As our criterion! Exactly! It is such a dear little room, don't you know. I hope you don't mind?"

"Not at all," said Mrs. Bronson. "You see, you must not use candelabra for breakfast. Then get some plain Irish linen for doilies and a center piece to match."

"Understand, Wyote?" The Japanese nodded his head and wisely vanished.

"Thanks awfully," said DuBois, groping for some excuse to continue the conversation. "We take such a foolish pride in our bungalow and wanted things right"—

"Well, you have them right," said Mrs. Bronson, "and I do wish you'd tell me where you bought those dear little brown casseroles."

That deft bit of flattery completed the conquest.

"The little woman's all right," said DuBois as he told the trio of his morning's conversation. After the rest had gone Marshall went out to the kitchen.

"Wyote," he said, "didn't you remark that there were no men next door?"

The Jap nodded.

"Um-um," murmured Marshall as he went back to his room. "Enter the widow!"

But the widow did nothing of the sort. Neither did she give the coveted invitation for the bachelor neighbors to call. But the occasional domestic conferences across the area—there were window boxes on both sills now—did their deadly work. Mrs. Bronson was a bit of Dresden china, and DuBois, being a man of domestic tastes naturally went in for the Dresden type. The brown eyed widow saw it all long before he did, but with curious persistency and feminine inconsistency she refused to capitulate. The advice DuBois pretended to need in those days deceived no one save himself, least of all Wyote.

Then came the awful day when Wyote fell a victim to the epidemic of measles. DuBois struggled against a procession of incompetents who came and went, seldom empty handed. One hot afternoon in June he came home early from the office to find a colored maid departing with one of the treasured candlesticks in her grip. The language provoked by this proceeding floated across the area and made Mrs. Bronson, writing in her den, drop her pen and sit up very straight. Then came quiet, broken by an occasional rattle of dishes, closing with a tremendous crash of falling crockery and something very like a groan.

Mrs. Bronson ran to the kitchen window and there she saw a flood of hot afternoon sunshine beating in on the disorderly room, with DuBois in the midst of it clumsily bandaging his hand.

"Oh, you are hurt!" she exclaimed.

"Just a nasty little cut, but some how I can't make it stop bleeding."

"Of course you can't, binding it up in that fashion. Come right over here and I'll fix it for you."

"I can't," answered DuBois in a muffled voice. "It was so—so beastly hot I just slipped on my pajamas to do up this mess."

A giggle sounded close to Mrs. Bronson's pretty pink ear—it was very, very pink just now—and she turned abruptly.

"Kitty, come with me this minute."

Down the back stairs they sped, through the cellar common to both apartments and up the back stairs into the chaotic kitchen. By the time they reached his side DuBois was feeling a bit faint from the loss of blood.

"There, you're bound up for keeps," said Mrs. Bronson as she adjusted the last fold in the bandage. "Now I shall send the janitor's wife up to straighten this kitchen, and you and your boys must dine with us. Oh, yes," she added as he protested. "I've the best of servants, and one may be neighborly sometimes—even in New York."

* * * * * * *

The other members of the quartet heard of the invitation with varying emotions. Marshall scowled in his glass as he tied his cravat. Then, as he gave it a final vicious twitch, he remarked:

"Well, it may not be enter the widow, but it is bound to be exit old DuBois—for life."

But it was not so bad after all, because DuBois only moved across the area, and now his brown eyed wife really presides over both flats, and Wyote is her most devoted slave, barring DuBois.

His Winnings.

"Did your husband ever win anything at the races?"

"No," answered young Mrs. Torkins, "nothing except the esteem of the bookmakers and the sympathy of his friends."—Washington Star.

He Gets Results.

The man who advertises most is never the one who does the kicking about results.—Baltimore American.

SOME FOOLISH PEOPLE

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "Oh it will wear away," but in most cases it will wear them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 25c and 50c. Trial size free. At all druggists.

A USEFUL WIZARD.

The Glassmaker Has a Picturesque Trade.

The glassworker is the wizard of useful arts. Before his stand at the county fair the caution to look out for pickpockets, often reiterated on the way to the annual gathering, is swallowed up in the wonderment aroused by the astonishing marvels wrought by his deft hand and a blowpipe. Here a touch and there a pat, and then suddenly the tiny champagne glass seems to fill with a thin of rosy wine. "Who will have this? Only 5 cents!" cries a glassblower, holding the little stemmed bowl upside down to show that, like the pitcher of old, hospitable Philemon and Baucis, it can never be emptied. A nickel is thrust up by some one in exchange for the little souvenir of the wizard's art, and it is next seen standing on a parlor mantel many miles away from the fair grounds serving as a memento of the fair and a sample of the wonder beheld that day.

In his workshop the glassworker and his crystal liquid become more fascinating. The roomy building is full of the mystery of an ancient alchemist's laboratory. The glow from the mouths of many furnaces dazzles the eyes. Here and there men with mighty wands tipped with white hot masses swing them deftly about or, putting them to their lips, conjure the gleaming tips until they do their bidding, expanding into great cylinders or disks or growing into delicate globes.

Here is a man standing before the fiery mouth of a furnace. He has in his hand a long rod, and his face is shielded from the stinging heat and the glare by a shield which he holds in place by a plug grasped between his teeth. He dexterously twists his blowpipe in the white hot gummy glass until it has collected on its end an ovoid mass weighing from twenty to forty pounds. Revolving the ball in the glowing pot for a moment until it becomes symmetrical, he lifts it forth and plunges it into a pear shaped mold. Then the blower, the master workman of the place, takes the mass and begins to play with it. He blows a big bubble of air into the glass and then another and another until the solid sphere is swelled into a great decanter. Now swinging the white hot bulb like a giant pendulum in the depths of a yawning pit beneath his feet, now blowing through the tube, now thrusting it again into the furnace, at last the mass becomes a thin shelled cylinder as long as the man himself. After being cut and rolled as one would cut and roll a sheet iron cylinder into a flat piece of metal, and annealing, this piece of glass will be cut into window panes.

In another workshop a worker at is rolling and smoothing a coil of the sparkling fluid at the end of his blowpipe on a polished slab. Then he blows through his magic wand, and a sphere begins to blossom from the tip. It grows and flows from the point of contact over the shining surface.

A row of keen edged grindstones are turning swiftly in another room. Before each stands a workman with his shirt sleeves rolled to his armpits. A long apron protects his clothing. In his hands he holds a heavy piece of glassware. Lightly, but firmly, so that the veins stand out on the backs of his hands, he presses it upon the edge of the stone. With sureness of pressure he deftly carves the glass, facet upon facet, jewel upon jewel, until the whole piece has become a massive setting of gleaming diamonds which some day will shimmer on the table of a fine house.

And to his art the glassworker adds something of the alchemist's art. Mixing a little gold with the glass, he turns it into the richest of rubies, violets and an amber that is solidified sunshine. He adds a little iron and draws from his glowing furnace glass furnished with all the colors of the rainbow. All in all, he is one of the wonder workers of the twentieth century.—New York Tribune.

Argentine Vineyards.

Wonderful yields of grapes are produced in some Argentine vineyards. "In one vineyard, covering five or six acres, a small tram road ran up the middle," writes a traveler. "I asked what that was for, and when told that it was to bring the grapes to the wine press I wondered why they were not carried in baskets. When I learned that off these five or six acres eighty tons of grapes are gathered each year I ceased to think of the tramway, and my wonder was turned to the marvel of the earth's productiveness. Eighty tons were the average yield, after house servants, farm and garden servants and peons who drive troops of mules up and down the mountains with ores from the mines had eaten their fill, and the house dogs and the dogs of the servants and peons and also a vast number of the little silver gray foxes which crowded in yearly from all corners of the desert during the grape season and birds that came from all places. There was enough and plenty for all of these and then eighty tons besides."

A Bit of Hoar's Wit.

As a wit Senator Hoar had few superiors, though he believed the floor of the senate not the place to display it. One of the occasions when he violated this rule was during a speech by William V. Allen of Nebraska, who made a record of talking for ten solid hours. Toward the end of a long speech Senator Tillman of South Carolina interrupted Senator Allen with a correction. He said that Allen pronounced ad infinitum as if it were "ad infinny-tum." Allen contended that that was the proper way and appealed to Mr. Hoar as an authority. The latter, of course, supported Tillman. "But," he said, "I suppose the senator from Nebraska gave the short sound to the 'i' in order to save the time of the senate."

THE MINER and TRIBUNE FARMER one year for $1.25 IN ADVANCE.

SHOOTING BIG GAME.

Danger When the Bullet Fails to Stop the Brute's Advance.

The disturbing element in hunting elephant or seladang or rhino has been always to me at least the feeling of uncertainty as to whether or not I could stop the animal I wounded it and it charged me, as it did on an average of once in three times.

Based on my experience, therefore, I should place the elephant first and the rhino third after the seladang, which is fully as formidable as the Cape buffalo and is miscalled the bison all over India. Each of these animals is dangerous on different and individual grounds. The elephant, though less likely to charge than any of the others, is terrifying because of his enormous strength, which stops at no obstacle, and the extreme difficulty of reaching a vital spot, especially if, with trunk tightly coiled, he is coming your way.

I know of no sensation more awesome than standing ankle deep in clinging mud in dense cover, with the jungle crashing around you as though the entire forest was toppling, as the elephant you have wounded comes smashing his way in your direction. The seladang is dangerous partly because of the thick jungle he seeks when wounded, but more especially because of his tremendous vitality and his usual though not invariable habit of awaiting the hunter on his tracks and charging suddenly, swiftly and viciously. It requires close and hard shooting to bring down one of these six foot specimens of oriental cattle.

The danger of the tiger and of the lion is in their lightning activity and ferocious strength. But you have the shoulder in addition to the head shot if broadside, or, if coming on, the chest, all sure to stop if well placed. The reason the rhino is so formidable is because its vulnerable spots are so hard to reach. Its brain is as small in proportion as that of the elephant and may be reached through the eye if head-on, or about three inches below and just in front of or just behind the base of the ear, according to your position for a shot.—Outing.

REMEMBER IN A SICKROOM

That medicine bottles should be kept out of sight.

That garrulous friends should be treated in the same wise fashion.

That a rubber ice bag is as useful as a hot water bag.

That everything about the room should be scrupulously clean.

That it is sometimes safer to humor sick people than to argue with them.

That rapid recovery from illness often depends more upon nourishing food than upon medicine.

That sweet smelling flowers should never be permitted in a room where there is a very sick person.

That both light and ventilation can be regulated by placing a thin screen between the bed and window.

An Old, Old Story.

How ancient is the servant problem? A correspondent of the New York Post, referring to a letter from the Duchess of Ormonde, written in 1668, quotes from an epistle dated North Yarmouth, Me., March 26, 1785, as follows: "I have been without any but Betsy about a fortnight and am determined to continue so rather than endeavor to hire one of this country. The pride of independence is so prevalent here that the people had rather slave at home than live in my kitchen in plenty. Were I to take them to my table they would have no objection to oblige me. The want of good domestics is general; therefore I have less reason to complain, but I wish a method could be found to render us less dependent upon them."

Why He Waits.

"I went to the trial of that brain testing machine," he said.

"Yes?" she returned wearily.

"I let them try it on me," he continued, feeling sure he would arouse her interest in due time.

"Yes?" she responded with the same evident weariness.

"It didn't work," he persisted.

"Of course not," she said, with some emphasis.

It took him some time to figure it all out, but when he did he decided to postpone his proposal for at least another week.—New York Press.

The Tibetan Bible.

The Tibetan Bible consists of 108 volumes of 1,000 pages each, containing 1,083 separate books. Each of the volumes weighs ten pounds. In addition to this there are 225 volumes of commentaries, which are necessary for the understanding of the Scriptures. The type from which the Bible (or Kah-gyur) is printed requires rows of houses like a city for storage.

Couldn't Be Possible.

"Your symptoms," pronounced the physician, "indicate hydrocephalus."

"What's that?"

"Water on the brain."

"It can't be that, doctor," said Mr. Jagway, greatly relieved. "I haven't drunk a drop of it for six months."—Exchange.

Who Was Conceited?

"If there's anything I hate it's a conceited person, and that Blowley is certainly the limit."

"What makes you think him conceited?"

"He told some one he knew as much as I know."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Wisdom.

Wisdom consists in the knowledge of little things, and we get best insight into our own characters when we give heed to the minor and often unworthy motives by which our conduct is influenced.

INSURANCE.
Life, Fire and Accident
written by
W. F. SPECHT
SMETHPORT, PA.
In good, reliable companies

Official Directory

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—E. B. Hardenbergh.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—I. B. Brown.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. R. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—John F. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mayo, Morrisons.
Prothonotary—S. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; W. F. Walsh, Smethport.
Com'rs Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Love, and Leon Curtis.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; B. G. Bartle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKeun.
Council—Alfred Ellsberg, president; Miss Tacy a Rayner, secretary; G. B. Mayo, treasurer; W. A. Ostrander, H. H. Caulfield, J. H. Rooney, Chas. Johnson, J. W. Voorhees, N. D. Rawey.
Justices—B. L. Knapp, R. C. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—E. R. Mayo, president; Jno. N. Apple, treasurer; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, H. W. Rubin, Oscar Engstrom.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—F. H. Freeman.
Auditors—C. C. Choate, A. H. Kidder.
Judge of Election—C. H. Bade.
Inspectors of Election—J. A. Swanson, C. H. Burlingame.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
W. A. ASHDOWER, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock, in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
WM. FOSHINSON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. J. SWANSON, Chief Patriarch.
H. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first and third Thursday evenings of each month at 7:30 o'clock, in the I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. C. CUNNINGHAM, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADEEL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.
Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
A. H. KIDDER, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.
MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE R. HOLDEN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30, p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. chapel.
Mrs. JANE N. FORSYTHE, Pres.
Mrs. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
ALICE HEATLEY, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
Miss MAY CHOATE, W., M.
Mrs. ROSE MALCOLM, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree and Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. E. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

Methodist Episcopal—Gaylord H. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elisabeth Catholic Church—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Colegrove—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Clermont Church—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 p. m.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE

Pennsylvania RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect May 29, 1904.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

For Clermont, Ridgway, DuBois and Pittsburg:
Train 122, week days 10:10 a. m.
For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points; Olean, Buffalo and points north.
Train 123, week days 4:04 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:20 a. m.—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Ottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:13 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 p.m., New York 10:25 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:23 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:22 a. m., New York 7:13 a. m., Baltimore 7:20 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:35 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 9:59 a. m., week days (10:38 a. m. Sundays.) Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:15 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:17 a. m., New York 9:58 a. m. week days, (10:38 a. m. Sundays.) Baltimore 7:2 a. m., Washington 8:40 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:10 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:25 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6:20 p. m.—Train 61, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

Weekdays.

NORTH	STATIONS	SOUTH
A M Lv		Ar P M
9:20	Ridgway	12 01
9:40	Johnsonburg	11:35
9:50	Glen Hazel	11:10
9:57	Straight	11:07
9:12	Instanter	11:02
8:20	Smith's Run	10:50
8:20	Woodvale	10:45
7:35	Clermont	10:40
P M		A M

Connections are made with train 3, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:37 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:50 p. m. and at Ridgway with train 206, leaving Ridgway 12:10 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 6, leaving Ridgway at 2:20 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

W. W. ATTERBURY, J. B. WOOD,
General Manager. Pass. Traffic Mgr
GEO. W. BOYD,
Gen'l Passenger Agent

Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railway.

Time table in effect June 19th, 1904, Eastern Time.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

8:00 a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct., Bradford, Mt. Jewett and Kane, connecting at Bradford with trains on Erie R. R. for all points East and West and Kane with B. & O. R. R. for Mansen, Marienville, Clarion, Foxburg, Butler, Allegheny and intermediate, and with trains on P. & E. division, Pennsylvania R. R.

10:15 a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Bradford, Mt. Jewett, Kane and intermediate points, connecting at Bradford with trains on Erie R. R.

4:10 p. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Bradford, Mt. Jewett, Kane and intermediate points, connecting at Bradford with trains on Erie R. R., East and West, and at Kane with P. R. R., for Harrisburg Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington.

6:15 p. m.—Saturdays only for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis Aiken, Kinzua Junction and Bradford.

Trains arrive from Bradford, Kane, Mt. Jewett and intermediate points, Daily except Sunday at 9:00 a. m. and 3:30 and 8:40 p. m. Saturday special arrives from Bradford 12:30 p. m. (sunday).

For tickets and full information call on or address B. J. Cummings, ticket agent, Smethport, Pa.

H. H. Gardiner, General Pass. Agent, Buffalo, N. Y.
A. B. Campbell, Gen'l Supt Bradford, Pa.

The Pittsburg Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Effective May 29, 1904.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

7:00 a. m.—For Mt. Jewett (arr. 7:50 a. m.) connecting with B. R. & P. Ry. for Johnsonburg (arr. 9:25 a. m.); Ridgway (arr. 9:50 a. m.); DuBois (arr. 10:35 a. m.) and Punxsutawney (arr. 11:30 a. m.

9:01 a. m. for Eldred (arr. 9:50 a. m.), Olean (arr. 10:25 a. m.) connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr. 12:30 p. m.).

12:02 noon for Clermont (arr. 12:30 p. m.); St. Marys (arr. 1:36 p. m.); Shawmut (arr. 4:22 p. m.) and Brockwayville (arr. 4:47 p. m.).

2:20 p. m. for Eldred (arr. 2:49 p. m.); Olean (arr. 3:30 p. m.); connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr. 6:10 p. m.); Bolivar (arr. 3:30 p. m.); Friendship (arr. 4:38 p. m.); Angelica (arr. 4:34 p. m.); Hornellsville (arr. 6:10 p. m.); Wayland (arr. 7:28 p. m.), connecting with D. L. & W. for all points east.

3:05 p. m.—For Larabee (arr. 3:55 p. m.) connecting with P. R. R. for Port Allegany (arr. 7:05 p. m.); Coudersport (arr. 7:45 p. m.); Emporium (arr 8:05 p. m.

Trains arrive—9:01—From Mt. Jewett with connections from Kane. 2:20 p. m.—From Brockwayville, Shawmut, St. Marys and Clermont. 12:02 noon—From Hornellsville, Wayland, Angelica, Friendship, Bolivar and Olean. 2:35 p. m.—From Mt. Jewett with connections from B. R. & P. 7:22 p. m.—From Olean and Eldred.

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

D. F. MARONEY, General Supt. St. Marys, Pa.
C. J. RENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt.

C. OUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward.			STATIONS.	L'v Westward.		
A.M.	A.M.	P.M. Ar	Dp	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
8.05	7.05	2.10	Ulysses	7.20	2.25	9.10
7.50	6.53	2.10	Crowell	7.37	2.32	9.18
7.46	0	1.57	Carpenter	0	2.36	9..
7.40	6.48	1.53	Perkins	7.32	2.37	9.26
7.37	6.45	1.50	New'fd Junc	7.37	2.42	9.32
0	0	1.45	Newfield	7.41	2.46	0
7.05	6.36	1.41	Gold	7.44	2.49	9.46
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond	7.49	2.45	9.47
6.45	6.21	1.24	Seven Bdg's	8.01	3.06	10.02
6.40	6.17	1.20	Colegrove	8.04	3.09	10.60
6.25	6.10	1.12	Brinks	8.12	3.17	10.20
6.15	0	1.05	N. Couds'pt	0	3.26	10.35
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp. Ar.	8.25	3.30	10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport.		P.M.	
4.20	7.45	12.15	Ar.	Dp.	8.28	6.00	1.28
0	0	12.13	Hammond	0	0	0	0
4.05	7.38	12.09	Olmsted	8.33	6.05	1.31
3.59	7.33	12.05	Mina	8.37	6.10	1.37
3.45	0	11.59	Knowlton	0	6.17	0
3.40	7.25	11.55	Roulette	8.47	6.21	1.51
3.30	7.20	11.47	Burtville	8.54	6.28	2.01
3.23	0	11.41	Coleman	0	6.34	0
3.20	0	0	Chem. Wrks	0	0	0
3.15	7.05	11.36	Pt. Allegany	9.08	6.49	2.25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp	Ar	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

o—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R. at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. Ry. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

R. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

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Mouse Nest and Mare's Nest

By GEORGE SIDNEY

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Berwynd's defalcation was only $1,500, but had he looted the subtreasury of as many millions Boomtown could not have been more shocked.

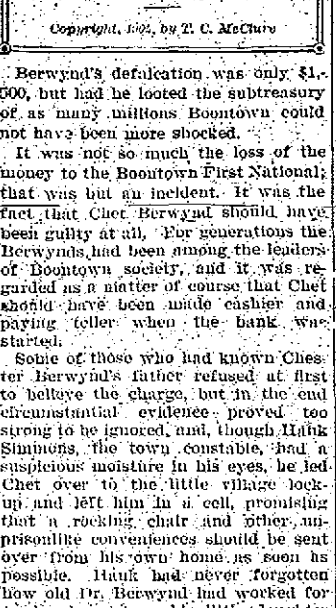
It was not so much the loss of the money to the Boomtown First National; that was but an incident. It was the fact that Chet Berwynd should have been guilty at all. For generations the Berwynds had been among the leaders of Boomtown society, and it was regarded as a matter of course that Chet should have been made cashier and paying teller when the bank was started.

Some of those who had known Chester Berwynd's father refused at first to believe the charge, but in the end circumstantial evidence proved too strong to be ignored, and, though Hank Simmons, the town constable, had a suspicious moisture in his eyes, he led Chet over to the little village lock-up and left him in a cell, promising that a rocking chair and other unprisonlike conveniences should be sent over from his own home as soon as possible. Hank had never forgotten how old Dr. Berwynd had worked for twelve hours over his little daughter when she had had the membranous croup, though he had just returned from a long ride into the country.

One did not have to go back to Chet's father for acts of kindness. As a boy and man Chet had always been ready to give his aid to others, with no thought of return, and his incarceration was a shock to the community.

Even after the venerable John Hollis had explained that there was a package of five $100 bills and two $500 certificates which no one could account for save Chet, who had denied all knowledge of the money, there were those who refused to believe that Dr. Berwynd's son could be guilty.

Foremost among these was Gertrude Hollis, who set aside even her father's



WITH A CRY GERTRUDE SANK UPON THE SOFA.

opinion to declare herself openly a partisan of Chet, and it was one of the things that shook her father's faith in his own judgment. Judge Hollis was a believer in woman's intuition.

It was this which induced him to hurry the trial in the hope that some evidence would turn up whereby the accused cashier might clear himself, and there was none more pleased when, two days before the trial, it was discovered that rats had stolen the package and had made a nest of the crisp paper.

Gertrude discovered the nest in a cranny under the cashier's desk. She communicated her "find" to her father, who was also president of the bank.

It made an insignificant little mass, this expensive nest; but, while the mass-ticated particles were too small to be redeemed by the treasury department, it was plain to be seen that the nest was composed of bills. The nest was duly brought forward at the trial and was sufficient to acquit.

Chester was the only one dissatisfied with the acquittal, and that evening he called at the Hollis home. Gertrude met him with an apology for her father, for whom the excitement of the trial had been too much.

"It was you I came to see," returned Chester. "I want to ask you a question."

The red dashed into Gertrude's face. There had been no open courtship, but it had seemed to her that there was but one question Chester would want to ask. Her heart beat high, but the next moment her hopes were dashed.

"Where did you really find that nest?" he demanded.

"I told you this morning at the trial," she declared. "It was in the little cubbyhole under your desk."

"Whatever made you look there?" he asked curiously.

"I supposed that I had a right to feel curious," she said defiantly. "It was my father's bank, and I had heard of how bills were stolen by rats at various times. I thought I would look around your desk."

"May I see the nest?" he asked curiously. "They let you keep it, did they not?"

She flushed, but she crossed to a writing desk and drew from it a small, almost shapeless mass, on the outside of which were tiny particles, barely large enough for the "C" or "100" to be distinguished. Chet looked at it curiously. It was all that had stood between him and prison.

"Do you know," he said softly, "that this looks more as though it had been made of Confederate money?"

She flung up her head. "You didn't say so this morning."

"I did not see it this morning," he protested. "The only expert opinion given was by your brother, who pronounced them to be genuine bills. There are no silk threads in these bills and not a trace of the yellow backed gold certificates."

"I didn't have any yellow ones," she said, off her guard for the instant. He caught her wrist.

"Do you mean," he demanded, "that you made this?"

"I couldn't see you go to jail," she said, tears trembling on her lashes.

"Did you think I was guilty?" he demanded.

She shook her head. "I couldn't think that of you," she said simply, "but things looked so black against you, and I remembered stories of mice building nests—and I—I fixed this up."

He was so close to her that she could feel his quick breath on her forehead.

"Did you do this because you were sorry?" he asked.

She raised her head bravely.

"Not because I was sorry."

"Because you loved me?"

Her blushes were her answer. In a moment his strong arms were about her and she had hidden her burning face upon his shoulder. How long they stood there neither knew. It was Judge Hollis who interrupted them. There were new lines of care in his face as he came slowly forward from the doorway.

"Chester," he said slowly, "God knows how I have been hoping that some day your union with Gertrude would give me the right to call you 'son.' I have looked forward to the day with no thought of what would have come before. You are cleared in our eyes, but while this hangs over you it is not well that you should marry."

With a cry Gertrude sank upon the sofa. Chester bent over and kissed her, then turned to her father.

"You are right, judge," he said. "Until this is cleared to our own satisfaction it is better so." He turned slowly to the door, to be jostled violently by Jack Hollis.

"I've run all the way from the bank," shouted the lad. "We found the bills in the trial balance book. Old Dixon used them for a bookmark and then forgot all about them."

Chester gasped.

"And I thought all the time you had them," he cried. "Don't you remember handling them the afternoon they were missed?"

Jack almost sobbed.

"Did you keep quiet for me—or for Sis?"

"For Sis!" answered Chester quietly.

And this time the judge gave them his blessing.

His Only Victory.

"Rarely, very rarely," asserted a west side resident, "do I repeat to a friend something that I've been saying to another friend. But I did say a good thing to my wife the other day. Generally I don't indulge in repartee with her. Ideas come to her more rapidly than they do to me. This was an exceptional case. I'll agree that women are pretty sensible in most things, but in some things they're unreasonable, especially in money matters. They have to make a little money go so far themselves that they imagine it can be stretched until it accomplishes wonders. My wife was discussing a new servant. 'I don't wonder that folks are poor,' she said haughtily. 'I get out of all patience with them, they're so careless and improvident. Do you know this girl of ours had to walk up here? She didn't even have car fare.'

"'Didn't you tell me,' I asked, 'that this girl worked in a hotel for $3.50 a week, that she had to pay $1.50 for a room, that her washing cost her a dollar a week, and that she had to clothe herself and look neat on a dollar a week?'

"'Yes,' she admitted.

"'Well,' I said, 'what did you expect she'd have—a bank account?'

"We've been married fourteen years, and this was the first time that my wife didn't get back at me and make me sorry I'd spoken. I put on a swagger that evening that made the house look too small for me."—Providence Journal.

Great Echoes.

The suspension bridge across the Menai straits, in Wales, produces one of the most remarkable echoes in the world. The sound of a blow with a hammer on one of the main piers is returned in succession from each of the crossbeams which support the roadway, and from the opposite pier at the distance of 470 feet, in addition to which the sound is many times repeated between the water and roadway at the rate of twenty-eight times in five seconds.

An equally remarkable echo is that of the castle of Simonetta, a nobleman's seat about two miles from Milan. The report of a pistol is repeated by this echo sixty times. A singular echo is also heard in a grotto near Castle Comber, in Ireland. In the garden of the Tuileries, in Paris, is an artificial echo which repeats a whole verse without the loss of a single syllable.

Another wonderful echo is heard outside the Shipley church, in Sussex, which echoes some twenty syllables in the most perfect manner.

The well known echo at Woodstock repeats itself no fewer than fifty times. In one part of the Pantheon so great is the echo that the striking together of the palms of the hands is said to make a report equal to that of a twelve pound cannon.—London Globe.

A COONSKIN FARE.

It Would Have Paid the Traveler to Let the Change Go.

Many years ago, as the story runs, when coonskins were worth six bits apiece in Arkansas and a regular fee of two bits was assessed for ferrying a horseman across the St. Francis river, there came along a traveler whose entire capital consisted of but a single pelt, and the ferryman hadn't a cent of change in his pocket.

The traveler was bound to cross, but refused to pay three times as much as the man who passed before him or the one who was to come next. The ferryman would not wet an oar unless payment for his services was assured. Here was ample foundation for an argument, and presumably the opportunity was not neglected. But a satisfactory arrangement was finally reached, the traveler getting value received for his coonskin by being wafted thrice across the stream. This of course would leave him on the right side, and neither party to the trade would have cause for complaint. Such was the generous spirit of accommodation which obtained in those earlier days, such—but hold on a bit.

On the second trip the ferryman chanced to inspect the coonskin closely and found that it was by no means up to the recognized standard. Maybe it had been killed too early in the season or was not properly stretched. Anyway, he decided that four bits was all it was worth, and the traveler frankly admitted the soundness of his judgment—acknowledged that he had received its value in the double ferriage and forthwith started on his fifty mile ride up the river to the nearest point where it was fordable.—Field and Stream.

A LONG LOST CITY.

Tanagra, the Site of the Modern Town of Grenada, in Greece.

Grenada is the name of the modern city in Boeotia, Greece, which occupies the site of the ancient city of Tanagra. The old town was a rich and luxurious place, grossly renowned for the cockfights that were given there. It had the honor of being the birthplace of Corinna, the great poetess of the fifth century before Christ, and perpetuated her memory by a statue to her, on which she was represented five times crowned in remembrance of the five victories which she had gained in the lyrical contests with Pindar. Despite this comparative celebrity it appeared destined to the eternal sleep of forgetfulness when after more than twenty-two centuries of silence chance drew to it the attention of archaeologists.

In 1870 the inhabitants of the neighboring villages, while digging in their fields exposed to view some tombs which the French have assigned to the nineteenth century before the Christian era. The discovery of these first sepulchers was the cause of excavations, during which a quantity of other tombs were discovered, all situated along the roads which led from the walls of Tanagra in the direction of Thebes, Chalcis, Harma and Platae.

Among this mass of tombs belonging to several centuries the most interest attaches to those of the fourth century before the Christian era on account of their contents. It was in these particularly that the statuettes known today under the name of "Tanagra figurines" were for the most part discovered.

He Lost His Dignity.

A pompous individual from the east, says a Texas newspaper, happened to be traveling in western Texas and stopping at a hotel, when trouble started among some cowboys, who prepared to conduct the argument with revolvers.

"Stranger," said a Texan to the pompous man, "it would be a good idee for you to lay down on the floor till this dispute is settled."

"It does not comport with the dignity of a Boston gentleman of my professions," said the pompous gentleman, "to wallow in the dirt on the floor."

"You may be right, stranger," answered the Texan as he prepared to recline, "but my opinion is that you had better lose yer dignity fur the time bein' than to have the daylights let into your system by a 44." He lost his dignity.

A Curious Legend.

Easby abbey, the ruins of which lie close to the river Swale, a short distance from Richmond, in Yorkshire, England, is the home of a curious legend, says Photography. One of the main walls of the building is cracked and toppling, but has not yet fallen to the ground. Nor do the natives expect it to do so, at least not until it receives the impulse which it is said to await. For a tradition relates that the wall, when it does fall, will bury in its ruins a newly married couple and as the tale is well known the chance of a honeymooning pair resting beneath its shade is remote.

She Gloated.

A Fort Fairfield (Me.) woman was awakened at 8 one morning by a furious ring of the telephone in her house. Feeling from the wildness of the ring that somebody's house must be on fire or that somebody was bleeding to death, she scampered downstairs and nervously seized the receiver, only to hear a shrill soprano voice shriek: "Got your washin' done yet? Had mine out half an hour ago."

Quite the Contrary.

Woman of the House—You're not one of these labor agitators, are you? Goodman Gonrong (with his mouth full of pie)—No, ma'am. I'm a rest agitator.—Exchange.

Some one asks whether success is most due to luck, pluck or brains. The answer is easy—all three.

BY BREEZES BLOWN

By Kate M. Cleary

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"So that's the way the land lies, is it?" asked Ivy Lyle.

The sensitive face under the big, rose lined sun hat was very white. Her lips quivered a little. The hands that held the vagrant sheet trembled.

"It isn't that I care!" she told herself. "I hadn't begun to care—in that way. I was only becoming—attracted. But the shock—the disillusion"—

When she had started out an hour ago for her usual brisk morning walk along the crisp, shelving sands, she had been one of the most indifferent light hearted of girls. She was done with college and the two years of foreign travel had succeeded school as a sort of polishing process. She had perfect health and misty dreams of all the veiled future held in its keeping. She had aesthetic tastes, and her skill in athletic sports was the admiration of her less vigorous girl friends. She had been having a beautiful time down at this gay, unconventional resort on the Michigan coast. And now—well, temporarily, it seemed that her pleasure was spoiled.

And in her heart she knew that she must have been beginning to think too much of the man whose attentions to her had been so marked or else this discovery would not so affect her. Sitting to rest and watch the white crested waves come curling up to break on the border of the lake like threads of finest lace, her attention had been caught by a small, white, whirling object that at first sight she had taken for a bird. It had whisked lower and nearer. Then it floated so close she could put out her hand and grasp it, and she found it was a sheet of note paper covered with diminutive chirography. It was written on the stationery of the fashionable hotel looming up on the dunes behind her. At first she had been about to crumple it up and cast it aside, but in the very act of doing so a name—her own name—met her eye.

Even then she hesitated. But the three words were so significant she must know their writer's full meaning. The page was the continuation of a letter, and the first three words at the top of the page were "love Ivy Lyle!" Impulsively, giving herself no chance to weigh the niceties of honor in the balance, she scanned the page. As she read it slowly again the fresh, soft color went tiding out of her cheek.

"Love Ivy Lyle. I've fought against it, for I can't afford to marry her, as you know. But she has rather swept me off my feet, old chap. At first I was taken with her innocent beauty. There was no one at this big hostelry to compare with her for looks. So I let myself drift. I thought she was just a dear little country girl and that it would be easy to say a sentimental farewell when the summer was over. You know what these warm weather flirtations amount to. So I've been going to see her steadily and taking her everywhere. We've gone dancing and swimming and boating and all the rest of it, and, by Jove, for all she's mighty quiet, I've come to find out she's not the typical little country girl at all. She's well read and traveled, though she seemed rather aghast when she let that fact out. And she looks at a fellow in a cool, appraising sort of way that makes him feel pretty cheap if his spoken thoughts are not quite up to her white standard. But she's not really in the social swim. She's a native, I take it. It's been hard to pin her down to any confidence about herself. She lives with a very dragon of an aunt at a farmhouse on the edge of town. She wears her cotton dresses and shade hats in a way that takes the shine out of the women up at the hotel, but I've never seen her sport any of the swell clothes they wear to the hops here. Oh, confound it, what's the use of my mooning away to you at this rate? I've got to go away and try to forget her before it's too late.

"Damaris Chase and her father are to be here this week, they tell me. And she's the girl the heads of both our houses expect me to marry. She may have the good taste to refuse me, and I almost hope she will. She's a great heiress, and the consolidation of the business interests would be a capital thing; but, oh, hang me if I thought it would be so hard to get that little girl's sweet face out of my heart. I must do the sensible thing and go in for the $20,000 a year. Lord, but I'm sorry for those poor devils of kings who have to wed for reasons of state. I feel disgustingly like one of them. I'm sleepy. Good night. I'll finish this in the morning. Ten to one I dream of Ivy Lyle."

It needed no signature. The writer was easily recognized. She crumpled the paper tightly in her hand and thrust it into the bosom of her gown as a rapid, heavy step came crunching down the beach. That step had become too pleasantly familiar. Could he have known the sheet had been whisked out of his room? Had he seen it blown down to the beach?

"Good morning, Miss Lyle!" He flung himself down beside her. His handsome, boyish face looked strained and set, as though insomnia had claimed him. "You're out early. Will you go rowing with me today up to Clear Springs?"

"I—I can't!" she faltered.

The pleading voice had become so perilously dear to her she found it hard to refuse. Something strange in her tone made him look up quickly, and he saw how pale she was.

"You are ill?" he cried sharply. "What is it? What is wrong?"

There was no doubt of the sincere concern in his eyes.

"It is nothing!" Pride came to her aid. She rose. "I must go home."

"And won't you come up Black river today?" entreatingly, almost tenderly. "It may be the last time!"

He was planning—planning. Oh, that cruel, cruel letter! But—the last time, he had said.

She flung up her head and smiled at him. "Yes, I will go," she said.

They were very gay that afternoon, almost recklessly so. They had luncheon at the inn near the springs and floated back between the wooded banks just as the day was closing. When they came to parting at the chimp of lilac bushes in the lane that led to the farmhouse Jack Ardsley leaned forward and looked into her eyes.

"Dear," he said, "I love you! I love you, and I can't let you go out of my life—ever! You don't know much of me, Ivy, but—will you be my wife?"

"What," she faltered, "what about Damaris Chase?"

He took her shaking hands and held them fast.

"Who in the world has been telling you of her? I've never seen her, but our fathers have vast interests in common and have been anxious to arrange a match. I don't say I didn't think of being complaisant. Darling, some time I may get up courage to tell you how near I came to being a paltry coward, how desperately I tried to make myself think I could do without you. But I cannot and that's all there is to it. If you can endure being poor with me for a few years, I'll work so hard at my profession to give you everything that I shall be sure to win."

She had not been mistaken in letting herself love him, then! For she did love him—she did. And she had known it all the while. She lifted her shy, flushed face.

"I will be a good wife to you, dear!" she promised. And he kissed her on the lips.

* * * * * * *

That night when he sought her at the dance at the inn he found, himself. That lovely lady in the snowy, shimmering gown his darling little country lassie. How splendidly she carried herself! And those diamonds around her white throat were worth a fortune. She smiled up at his amazed countenance.

"Aunt Agatha and I did not wish to be bothered with attentions," she whispered, "so we've been living incognito. I expected my father tonight and dressed to do him and you," sweetly, "what honor I could. You will pardon me," as she signed for a boy who had brought her a telegram and broke the seal of the message. "Detained!" she read. "Will be with you tomorrow!"

She handed Ardsley the yellow slip. It was signed, "Jasper E. Chase," and it was addressed to "Miss. Damaris Chase!"

"That," she said, "is my name!"

"Ivy!" he gasped.

"Damaris Ivy Lyle Chase! You poor boy! Come out on the balcony. They are staring at us."

"Come—you base deceiver!"

Tricks of Ancient Gold Workers.

There is a papyrus which gives recipes for various alloys used in the manufacture of cups and vases, for making gold and silver ink, for gilding and silvering and for testing the purity of precious metals. Other recipes teach the method of falsifying them by adding baser metals—an operation called diplosis, or doubling, for the mass of the gold and silver was doubled, while their color remained unchanged, and, as the compiler of the manual remarks, a skilled workman would find it difficult or even impossible to detect the fraud. The recipes which recur most frequently describe various modes of preparing asem, a word which originally meant a natural alloy of gold and silver known to the Greeks as electrum. It was at first looked upon as a distinct metal, was considered sacred to Jupiter and was designated by the sign of that planet, but at a later period the name was applied to all alloys, and in this fact seems to lie the explanation of the origin of alchemy. Both gold and silver could be extracted from genuine asem, and it seemed as though it could be changed at the will of the operator into either one or the other. It could also be made artificially by mingling gold and silver, or closely imitated by some of the numerous alloys, eleven or twelve varieties of which are described in the papyrus of Leyden.

Wouldn't Commit Forgery.

Among the candidates for appointment to a vacancy on the police force of an Irish town was one Patrick Murphy, whose appearance before the mayor was hailed with cries of "He can't write!" The mayor said he was only there to take down the names of applicants, who would come up a fortnight later for examination.

A friend set Murphy in a fair, round hand to copy "Patrick Murphy," and kept him practicing at it assiduously. When the eventful day arrived, "Take that pen," said the mayor, "and write—write your name." As Pat took up the pen exclamations arose: "Pat's a writin'! He's got a quill in his fist! Small good will it do him! He can't write with it!"

All were dumfounded when Murphy recorded his name in a bold, round hand and the mayor declared "That'll do," but one of them shouted:

"Ask him to write somebody else's name, yer honor!"

"Write my name, Murphy," said the mayor.

"Write yer honor's name!" exclaimed Pat. "Me commit forgery and go in' into the police! I daren't do it, yer honor!"—London Tit-Bits.

TAMING A TIGER.

The Way a Showman Got Friendly With a Fierce Beast.

A zoologist thus describes how an attendant brought about friendly relations with a fierce tiger:

"There was a showman I used to know named Melchior. He once bought a magnificent Bengal tiger, which he got at a low price because it had already killed two men.

"At first Melchior would put his foot or his hand into his cage, but from the way the tiger would leap at him he knew that to put himself entirely in its power would be suicide. Nothing he could do would establish a friendly relationship between himself and the tiger.

"Some originality was needed, and Melchior showed it by taking some old clothes, stuffing them with rags and throwing them into the cage. The tiger in a fury tore the old clothes to pieces, thinking that the figure was a human being.

"Next day and the next day and the next Melchior continued to throw in to the tiger stuffed figures, and the tiger continued to destroy them. But as time passed the animal ceased to put heart into its work and in the end it gave up altogether these attacks on the scarecrows. It would just play with them or else not notice them at all.

"Now was Melchior's time. He opened the cage door one morning, walked in boldly and slapped the tiger familiarly on the back. It gave him a friendly look and purred. It took him for another manikin not worth bothering about. It lived seven years with Melchior and became as gentle as a kitten."

WORSHIPERS OF BAAL.

Queer Ways of an Extraordinary Sect in Turkey.

The Yezidees, the Baal worshipers or devil worshipers of Turkey, are an extraordinary people, and, although forced by the laws of conscription to serve in the Ottoman army, the seizure of one or more of their young men by a Turkish recruiting party is such a distressing spectacle that once witnessed it can never be forgotten.

Wails and yells of despair are raised. Men, women and girls kiss the recruit's eyes, cheeks, mouth and hands. Throwing themselves on the ground, they even embrace his legs and feet.

The conscript appears quite dazed with sorrow. He folds in his arms and caresses over and over again his weeping kindred, whom he will never see again. He kisses the walls and the hearth of the cabin in which he was born, but which he is about to quit forever, and wets them with his tears, but when, accompanied by his Turkish captors, he leaves the village the lamentations of the villagers cease.

Then, and as though nothing had happened, the latter go about their ordinary occupations. Never again is the conscript's name mentioned, and on joining his regiment the young Yezidee becomes a Mussulman. His kindred, believing him accursed, affect to forget him, and were he to approach the village from which he has been forcibly dragged away every Yezidee, even his dearest friends, his father, mother, brothers, sisters and sweetheart, would drive him from their presence with curses and pelt him with stones.

Gooseberries and a Cat.

Not long ago, says Collier's Weekly, officials of the department of agriculture were much amused by a letter sent the department by an occasional correspondent in Virginia.

Among other things the writer hastened to advise the secretary of the department to this effect:

My wife had a Tame cat that dyd. Being a Torture shell and a Grate favorit, we had the same berred in the Gardin, and for the enrichment of the soil I had the Carkis deposited under the roots of a Gooseberry Bush. (The Frute being up to then of the smooth variety.) But the next Seson's Frute, after the Cat was berred, the Gooseberrys was all Hairy—and more Remarkable, the Catapillers of the Same Bush was All of said Hairy description.

The Government's Music.

A certain congressman who takes an interest in musical matters presented a bill advocating a larger appropriation for the care of the music in the Congressional library. He spoke briefly on the subject, and after the session a fellow congressman approached him confidentially.

"I say," he said in a low voice, "I like that bill of yours. But, tell me, what sort of music does the government have over there in the library? Is it a band or just a hand organ?"—Harper's Weekly.

Her Hand.

"Sir," began the timid youth as he entered the office, "I am in search—er—that is, I came to seek your daughter's hand"—

"Well, it isn't anywhere in this vicinity," interrupted the stern parent. "She's probably using it as a piano thumper about this time of day."

Boston Wires Rescnt It.

Angry Patron—Hello, central! What did you cut me off for? Boston Telephone Girl—Because you used a plural noun as the subject of a singular verb. You are not allowed to do that on this line, sir.—Chicago Tribune.

Tired.

"Your account has been standing a long time, Mr. Dukey."

"Then give it a seat, my dear Shears."

"Very glad to, sir. Shall we make it a receipt?"

Men and Clocks.

She—A clock is different from a man. He—In what respect? She—When it strikes it keeps on working.

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EMIL THAMM,
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer

JUST LIKE A MAN!

By Belle Maniates

Copyright, 1904, by Belle Maniates

"Why so pensive, Mabel?"

"I was just thinking of you, Billy. I want to coach you"—

"What's on now?"

"We've just had a letter from Aunt Maria, our one and only rich relative, and she is coming to visit us."

"And you want me to do the nice thing and show her about, I suppose. All right. Count on me," responded Billy cheerfully.

"No, indeed, Billy; far from it. What I want particularly is that you should keep in the background during her visit."

"Oh, of course, if you are ashamed of me before your rich relatives," he replied in offended tones.

"Wait, Billy, till I explain. Our Aunt Maria is a widow and childless. Naturally we are all posted on her little peculiarities, of which she has many, and are careful not to offend in any way. There are so many subjects that are tabooed that I never can coach you on them all before she arrives, so when you meet her you must keep as quiet as you can and only"—

"Speak when spoken to," interrupted Billy, "like a good little boy. I'll try to remember my childhood precepts, but I am of the opinion your Aunt Maria will think her niece is not going to make a very brilliant match. If I don't speak, she'll think me a regular stick."

"It's far better she should think that than to have you win her dislike by saying the wrong thing. You know you haven't much tact, Billy. I am glad of it. A tactful man seems effeminate."

"That's right! Put some sugar on the medicine," he muttered reproachfully.

"But there is one subject, Billy, you must not mention as you value your life, your reputation and my friendship. Do you think you can remember?"

"I'll try awfully hard. What is it?"

"It's corns."

"Corns?"

"Yes. You see, when Aunt Maria's husband was poor—before he struck oil in Texas—he was a chiropodist. Aunt Maria has always seemed ashamed of that fact, and we were always cautioned not to say a word along those lines."

"Well, I'll try not to tread on her toes."

"Oh, Billy!" expostulated Mabel.

"When is she coming?"

"Tomorrow. Come up in the evening and call."

The following day Billy went about ruefully studying a little memorandum he had written out and kept constantly repeating to himself, "Mustn't say corns." Consequently when he appeared at the home of his fiancee that evening and was presented to Aunt Maria the only topic in his thoughts was corns. He replied to all her approaches toward conversation in monosyllables. Finally there came a prolonged and deadly lull, and Billy, after racking his brains for something to say, blurted out:

"Did you ever read Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress?' "

"Oh, Billy!" faintly gasped Mabel.

The withering looks from the other members of the family and the feeling that he had made himself generally disliked caused Billy to bring his call to an abrupt termination. The next day Mabel telephoned him to meet her in the park.

"Billy," she cried as soon as she saw him, "I know you so well that I know how it happened, but mamma and the girls are furious at you and declare you did it on purpose, and I guess, Billy, you had better not come again until Aunt Maria has gone and the family is cooled down."

Billy groaned.

"You didn't say anything about bunions."

"It would have done no good if I had."

"What did your aunt say about me—anything?"

"She asked what your business was."

"What did you tell her?"

"I told her you were only through college and had not yet decided what to go into."

"How long will she stay?"

"A week. It will be the longest one I ever put in. We must say goodby until she goes. It will never do to meet you this way again. They would be sure to hear of it."

"Just as you say," he replied disconsolately.

After they had parted Billy walked slowly downtown. Suddenly he saw Aunt Maria coming toward him. There was no escape. A flashlight of inspiration, born of desperation, burst upon Billy, and he determined to make a brilliant coup. When he came up to the elderly lady, who was laden with bundles of every size and description, he stopped, lifted his hat and asked if he might not carry her bundles for her and escort her home.

"Why, yes. I don't suppose you have anything else to do."

"No, not at present," he answered, relieving her of her bundles and accommodating his pace to hers.

"Young man," she said abruptly, "they tell me you have no business. I don't approve of an idle man, especially a young man. Youth is the time to work."

"I quite agree with you," he said earnestly, "and my mind was made up as soon as I was out of college as to the business I should follow, but Mabel and her family—especially the family—objected so strenuously that I decided to give it up. I have followed up several other leads, but all my heart was in my first choice, and I don't think I'll ever succeed in any other."

"They are fools," she asserted, "to interfere in your business, and you must excuse me if I say you are a fool if you let them influence you."

"I claim you are right, madam, and I have today taken the necessary steps toward opening a place of business."

"What business is it?"

"I intend to be a chiropodist."

She turned a keen glance of suspicion upon him, but he continued calmly:

"My uncle in his early days was a chiropodist, but of course in his day it was different and not looked upon as it is now—as a branch of surgery that requires skill. You see, Mabel's family is a little old fashioned and conventional and don't realize how things are changing and that no business is looked upon slightingly nowadays."

"Yes, it is nothing to be ashamed of," she said, bristling. "Still, there are other things in which you could make more money."

"It's a very lucrative profession," he argued.

"Why, we never found—I mean I never heard of its being a money making business."

"I had occasion recently to have a"—he shyed at the word and then bravely forged ahead—"corn removed. I stepped into an artistic little waiting room and made my wants known to an attendant. Then I was ushered into an operating room. A trim little maid came and removed my shoe and sock. In came the chiropodist, who made a bow, drew forth an instrument with a flourish, shaved off my corn and vanished in a moment. Then the maid put on my shoe and sock, and I went into the office, where I paid $2."

"Two dollars!" gasped Aunt Maria. "Why, we never—paid so much to have one removed in my day."

"A bunion is $5," resumed Billy, "and it's a great fad now among women to have their toes manicured, and that's a dollar."

Aunt Maria was lost in her thoughts for a few moments. Then she said:

"It must be profitable. Still, if Mabel is sensitive about it I'd try something else."

"Mabel isn't so opposed to it as the others," he replied.

"Yes, she is. She is afraid of hurting your feelings by saying much against it. I'd try something else."

"But, you see, everything else requires so much capital."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," she said after another silence. "Do you mind going into business in Texas?"

"No, except I'd hate to leave Mabel."

"Take her with you."

"Couldn't afford it until I got established."

"I have oil wells in Texas, and my manager is going to leave. One of my objects in coming here was to find a smart young man. If you will take the place and promise never to be that other thing I'll pay you $2,500 a year."

"Agreed!" he cried. "But it's awfully kind of you."

"I am not doing it because I am fond of you, young man, but Mabel is my favorite niece, and I can see she is bound to have you if she has to oppose the whole family, and I—well, I don't wish her to marry a chiropodist. I know just how she feels. There is something I want to ask you. Why did you leave her so abruptly last night? Did you take a dislike to me?"

Billy's brain had certainly become fertile.

"Oh, no, ma'am, but ever since I have expressed a desire to adopt the profession I told you any word pertaining to anything that would remind them of the subject has been prohibited by Mabel's family, and as soon as I asked you innocently, with no idea of such an interpretation being put upon it, if you had read Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress' I knew by the atmosphere I had put my foot in it, and I couldn't stay longer and stand up against the black looks I was getting."

"That was far fetched in them," she said in disgust, "as if any one had got to weigh every word they speak beforehand."

Mabel's eyes shone with delight when she saw Billy and Aunt Maria come in together and heard the proposition, but her family thought he had used underhand means to scheme for Aunt Maria's fortune.

"Billy," asked Mabel when they were alone, "how in the world did you manage? What did you say to Aunt Maria to get in her good graces?"

"Mabel," he answered solemnly, "I talked of corns all the way to the house."

Change of Habit.

The chimney swallow built its nest somewhere long before the white man constructed chimneys, the potato bug had its home on the plains before it ever knew a potato, and the common elm beetle has fed voraciously in the mountains of North Carolina on a species of skullcap scutellaria, touching apparently no other plant, in localities where the elm was not to be found. In gardens half starved bees have taken to grapes and raspberries. Once when there was no rain from the Fourth of July until Oct. 12, everything having become parched long before, and insects living on green food did not increase, the robins took to seeds and green fruits. The apples in the orchards were dug out as if by mice. An American Golden Pippin, with a heavy crop, presented a remarkable appearance with what should be apples hanging on the trees like empty shells. In brief, no creature will ignore the promptings of nature. It will change its habits when necessity demands.

The English Face.

An American woman not long since returned from abroad was heard to say that what chiefly struck her in the English faces she met during her walks was their resigned expression.

"They didn't look sad, and they didn't look happy," she explained, "but they one and all had the air of awaiting the worst and being prepared for it. And that," she added vindictively, "is the only state of mind possible with the English climate."—New York Tribune.

Her Gray Locks.

Mr. Oldboy—Always respect gray hairs, my boy. Tommy—Why? My ma doesn't. Mr. Oldboy—You shouldn't say that. Tommy—She wouldn't dye them if she did.

THE THREE ANGELS.

A Bit of Hungarian Folklore Illustrating German Firmness.

Here is a bit of Hungarian folklore. After the Lord had decided to expel Adam and Eve from paradise he sent Gabriel, the Hungarian angel, to carry out his order. Now, from the eating of the fruit of the forbidden tree Adam and Eve had become quite shrewd, and they were endeavoring to get out of the fix as best they could, so they prepared a big feast, received Gabriel with the utmost kindness and sought to win his heart by a lot of affectionate words. They succeeded. It grieved Gabriel to expel these kind hosts from their home. He therefore returned to the Lord with the request that somebody else be charged with this unpleasant mission.

Thereupon the Lord sent Florian, the Roumanian angel, because the Lord knew Florian to be more obedient and less magnanimous. Adam and Eve were just dining when Florian, hat and large cane in hand, stepped in. He saluted in a most humble manner and then told why he had come. "Have you it in writing?" inquired Adam severely. "No," stammered the visitor, and, frightened, he returned to his heavenly abode.

Then the Lord sent Michael, the German angel. Adam and Eve at once set to work preparing even a richer meal than had been served Gabriel, thinking they might induce Michael to be lenient. So the very best things were served, and there was no scarcity of beer and good sausages. Michael ate until he could hardly even wheeze. Then he arose and, drawing his sword, said, "Now you get out of this!" Adam and Eve tried all their little tricks to stay. They appealed to his mercy and implored him to consider how nicely they had treated him. But all in vain. Michael remained firm, merely saying, "It must be." And he drove them out.—Chicago News.

OUR TREASURE IN KEATS.

His Poetry of Three Dimensions—Height, Breadth and Solidity.

In reading Keats one is struck with the wealth of his equipment, the solid qualities of his art, his soaring imagination, his rare sense of beauty, his range of emotional response, his rich resources of language, and, not the least noteworthy, his capability of growth in taste. To consider what a poet thus endowed might have given to the world had he lived to the age of Shakespeare or Milton excites the mind almost to pain, so little short of miracle was his actual achievement. We believe there is no evidence that he wrote a line of verse after his twenty-fifth year, and he probably wrote little after his twenty-fourth, and yet what a glorious body of life and inspiration he has left! It is poetry of three dimensions—height, breadth and solidity. And yet, withal, it has arrowlike intensity—a quality of which he himself said, "The excellence of every art is its intensity, capable of making all disagreeables evaporate from their being in close relationship with truth and beauty."

His transcriptions of the classic into modern speech in "Hyperion" and "Endymion," the wonderful music and color of "The Eve of St. Agnes," the deft and eerie handling of ballad themes in "La Belle Dame sans Merci" and "Isabella; or, The Pot of Basil," the overflowing dreaminess of midsummer in the "Ode to a Nightingale," the depth and lyric directness of such lines as "In a Drear Nighted December," and a whole anthology of noble sonnets interpreting life and nature—these are but a molety of the overflowing stream of his passionate imaginings, for in him the intellectual and the emotional were kindly mixed. In the face of such a record of good work the faults of his earlier manner are not worth consideration.—Century.

A PICTORIAL DRAMA.

How Tweed Was Identified In Spain by a Nast Cartoon.

No very strenuous effort had been made to find Tweed, but it became known at last that he was somewhere in Spanish territory. As early as Sept. 30 Nast cartooned the "boss" as a tiger appearing from a cave marked "Spain." Now, suddenly, came another report—a cable that one "Twid" (Tweed) had been identified and captured at Vigo, Spain, on the charge of "kidnaping two American children."

This seemed a curious statement, for whatever may have been the boss' sins he had not been given to child stealing. Then came further news, and the mystery was explained. Tweed had been identified and arrested at Vigo through the cartoon "Tweedle-dee and Tilden-dum," drawn by Thomas Nast. The "street gamins"—to the Spanish office, who did not read English—were two children being forcibly abducted by the big man of the stripes and club. The printing on the dead wall they judged to be the story of his crime. Perhaps they could even spell out the word "reward" in an upper corner.

Absurd as it all was, the identification was flawless. Tweed, on board the steamer Franklin, came back to America to die. When his baggage was examined it was found that he had preserved every cartoon Nast had drawn of him, save the few final ones published after his escape, one of which had placed him again behind prison bars. On Oct. 7 Harper's republished this picture with the story of the boss' capture. The pictorial drama was complete.—Albert Bigelow Paine in Pearson's.

Technically Stated.

Music Teacher—Your daughter's voice is of fine quality and capable of reaching and sustaining some very lofty notes, but lacks control. Airship Inventor—In terms that are clear to one of my profession, you mean that it will fly high and far, but is not dirigible?—Baltimore American.

Chronic.

"Jones is growlin' at the world again."

"Why, I thought he was doing well."

"So he is, but he wasn't expectin' his good fortune!"—Atlanta Constitution.

IN A PADDLE WHEEL.

A Terrifying Adventure With a Moment of Deadly Peril.

Mr. Stanhope Hall, author of "Twenty Years at Sea," was not much more than a boy when he had the following curious and terrifying adventure, the recollection of which haunted him all his life! The ship on which he was making his first voyage was loading cotton in Mobile bay, and the captain had sent him in a small boat to get some newspapers from a big side wheel steamer which lay near by.

In trying to bring the boat up to the steamer, he says, I upset myself and went down. I could not swim, and I struggled in hopeless terror. When I came to the surface I found myself in the brackets of the great wheel. They were green with river moss and slippery as ice, but I managed to get astride of one and regain my breath.

As I held on, panting from my plunge, a thrill of horror ran through me. The wheel had slowly begun to revolve. In agony I shouted, but in that great wheel box my voice was as nothing. Slowly the wheel turned, carrying me upward. When I reached the top I should be ground to pieces, or, if by chance I escaped that fate, I should be drowned when I was again drawn under the wheel into the fearful suction.

Again and again I shouted. Finally, as I was nearing the top, a little trap door opened and some one looked into the box. I opened my mouth to call once more, but my throat was paralyzed. For a moment I could not utter a note.

The trapdoor was just closing when, with one mighty effort, my voice came back and I screamed. The man opened the trap again, saw me, sprang upon the wheel and snatched me into safety. I was a heavy weight in his arms as he carried me to the deck, for I fainted dead away.

Buried With His Horace.

The will, dated 1772, of Sir William Browne, which includes his bequest to Cambridge university of gold medals for Greek and Latin odes and epigrams, contains also the request that he may be "buried in the most private manner, without Pall Bearers, Escutcheons or Equestrian Ornaments, or any Attendants, excepting Men Servants; that my Funeral may neither be an Object of Entertainment to Spectators and Strangers by attracting their observation, nor of Concern to Friends and Relations by requesting their Attendance. On my Coffin, when in the Grave, I desire may be deposited in its Leather Case or Coffin my Pocket Elzevir Horace, comes viae vitaeque dulcis et utilis, worn out with and by me."—Athenaeum.

Wanted

Men and women in this county and adjoining territories to represent and advertise an old established house of solid financial standing. Salary to men $21 weekly, to women $12 to $18 weekly, with expenses advanced each Monday by check direct from headquarters. Horse and buggy furnished when necessary; position permanent. Address Blew Bros. & Co., Dept. A, Monon Bldg., Chicago, Ill. 39-45-61.



Dr. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY

Pleasant to take, Powerful to Cure, And Welcome in every Home.

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Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is adapted to all ages and both sexes, affording permanent relief in all cases caused by impurity of the blood, such as, Kidney, Bladder and Liver Complaints, Constipation, and weaknesses peculiar to women. Successful for 30 years. Prepared by DR. D. KENNEDY'S SON'S, Rondout, N. Y. $1.00 all druggists. Six bottles $5.00.

Palmer & Vickery

LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLES.

FOR SALE,

Horses, Carriages, Wagons. Harness, Etc. Cutters and Robes.

Smethport - Penn,

March 5. 1903.



BRINGING JOY

to all is the special mission of Santa Claus. He wants to see everybody happy. But he needs your help and you need ours. Don't run the risk of spending a poor Christmas on account of

Poor Plumbing.

Send for us right away and have us go over your house. We will put the plumbing in apple pie order. We will do it quickly too and keep out of the way of the women folks as much as possible. What did you say your number was?

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK. Smethport.

NOTICE.

THE FOLLOWING ACCOUNTS OF ADMINistrator, Executors and Guardians, having been settled in the office of the Register of Wills, the same will be presented for confirmation at the Orphans' Court to be held at Smethport, in and for the county of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, on the second Monday of December, A. D. 1904:

First and partial account of John B. Collins, administrator of the estate of Delia Collins, deceased.

First and final account of August Mellander, administrator of the estate of Carl Edward Poole, deceased.

First and final account of Inga M. Lilgendahl and Ralph E. Burdick, administrators of the estate of Charles W. Lilgendahl, deceased.

First and final account of William J. Hogan, executor of the last Will and Testament of Edward Ryan, deceased.

First and final account of Gurdon Williams, guardian of Nellie Mae Conver, minor child of Alfred W. Conver, deceased.

First, final and distributive account of George M. Hickmann, guardian of William W. Benedict, minor child of Edwin E. Benedict, deceased.

First and final account of S. H. Smith, administrator c. t. a. of the estate of Emma Beam, deceased.

First and final account of Etta Swartsfager, administratrix of the estate of Henry Swartsfager, deceased.

First and final account of Myra E. Whitney, executrix of the last Will and Testament of Henry P. Whitney, deceased.

First and final account of John Mell and Johanna Mell, administrators of the estate of Swan Petersen, deceased.

JOHN E. EASTMAN, Register.

Smethport, Pa., November 12, 1904.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 25, June Term, 1904.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Helen Mae Van Sickles did, on the 25th day of February, 1904, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Dell Van Sickles,

We, therefore command you, the said Dell Van Sickles, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean on the second Monday of December next, to answer the petition or libel of Helen Mae Van Sickles and show cause, if any you have, why the said Helen Mae Van Sickles, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

CHARLES E. MAYS, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., November 16th, 1904.

John N. Apple, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 80 February Term, 1904.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Lesser H. Cohn did, on the 5th day of January, 1904, prefer his petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Ida E. Cohn.

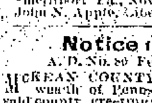
We therefore command you, the said Ida E. Cohn, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the second Monday of December next to answer the petition or libel of Lesser H. Cohn and show cause, if any you have, why the said Lesser H. Cohn your husband, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

CHARLES E. MAYS, Sheriff

Smethport, Pa., November 16th, 1904.

Berry & Edgett, Libellant's Attorneys.



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Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c, and $1.00 at Druggists

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Office in Drug Store. Calls answered promptly day or night. Bell Phone.

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John Clark, M. D. C. M.

Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

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Office and Residence over Lemmler's harness shop.

Day or Night Calls promptly attended to.

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This House has recently been greatly improved in all its appointments, making it one of the most convenient hotels in the country. Good beds and attentive clerks. The tables are supplied with all the delicacies of the season. A liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

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